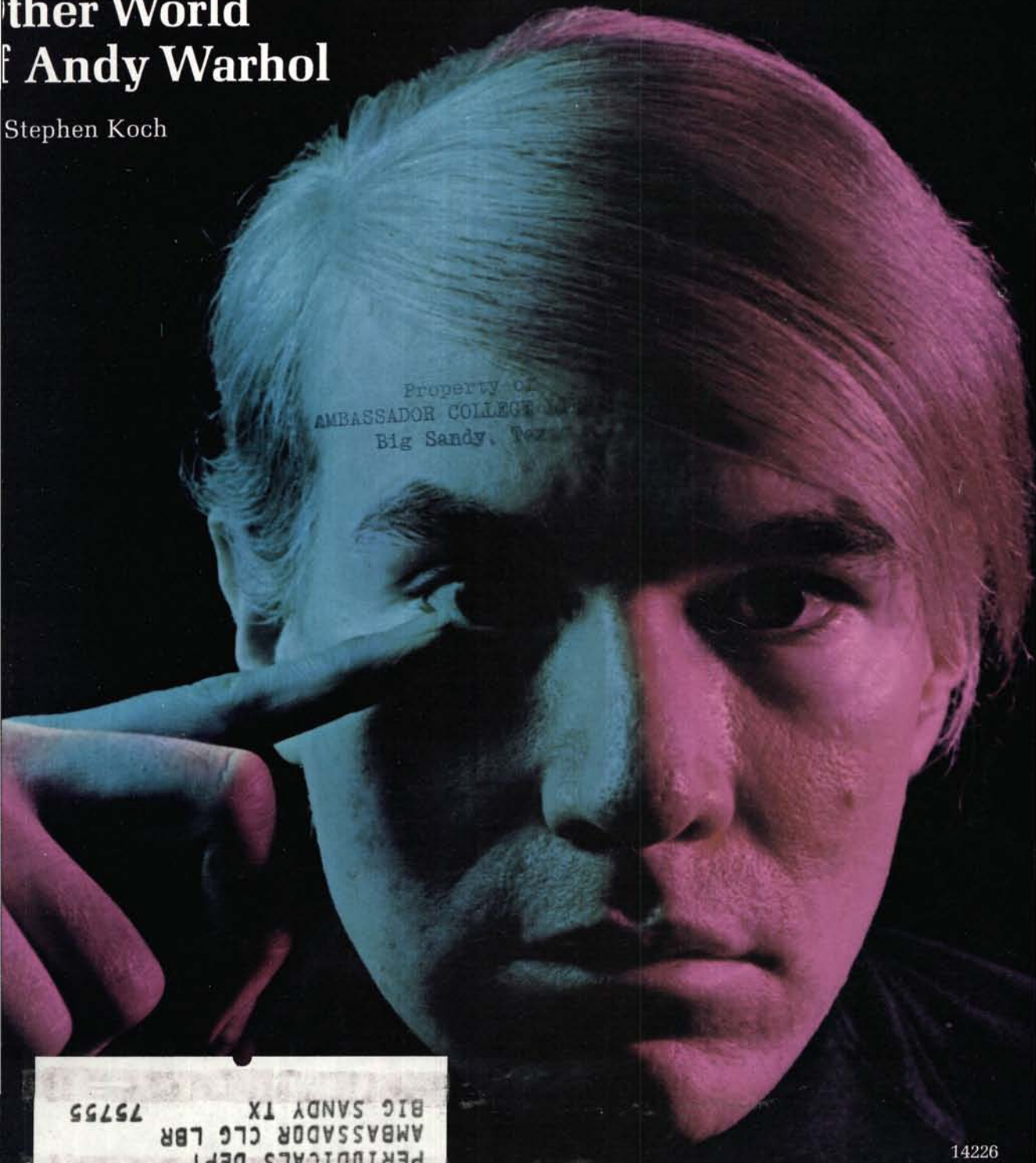
September 25, 1973

Saturday Review World

he Once-Whirling ther World f Andy Warhol

Stephen Koch



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
Big Sandy, Tex.

P94EZ20129
450 R757550PT0
PERIODICALS DEPT
AMBASSADOR CLG LBR
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1974 MERCURY COUGAR XR-7

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In size, this new breed of Cougar is like Grand Prix and Monte Carlo. In every other way, it's like nobody else's car.

You're looking at the all new Cougar for '74. It's more than a new car. It's moved up one whole class. In fact Cougar is the only new choice among the mid-size personal luxury cars.

There's new styling, inside and out. New dash with tachometer and hooded gauges mounted in deeply padded vinyl. Elegant new opera window. Distinctive new Landau roof. Steel-belted radials. All standard. There's power steering. And front disc brakes, automatic floor shift and bucket seats, also standard. Plus the same type suspension system as Lincoln-Mercury's most expensive luxury car. Other features shown are optional.

And along with Cougar's new size class comes a whole new class of comfort for you. Because we felt this much luxury deserved a little more room.

MERCURY COUGAR

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Page 32

Page 26

Page 36

September 25, 1973

FEATURES

4 World Progress Report

6 Editorial *by N.C.*

7 Letters From Readers

8 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

10 Curmudgeon-at-Large
by Cleveland Amory

12 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

43 World Environment Newsletter

62 Light Refractions
by Thomas H. Middleton

ARTICLES

14 The Cultural Revolution on Our Doorstep
by Anthony Astrachan
Quebec separatism may not succeed, but it has already led to profound, liberalizing changes in the province.

20 The Once-Whirling Other World of Andy Warhol
by Stephen Koch
Warhol's world was the world of the Sixties. His presence remains; his scene is no more.

26 The Sun Also Sets—On Bullfighting
by Roger M. Williams

30 Bath and the Bulldozer
by Roland Gelatt

BOOKS

32 Marilyn *by Norman Mailer*
Marilyn: An Untold Story
by Norman Rosten
Reviewed by Louis Berg

35 The World of Nations
by Christopher Lasch
Reviewed by Ed Grossman

36 Women in Prison *by Kathryn Watterson Burkhart*
Reviewed by Anne Hollander

39 Foreign Post *by Hisao Kanaseki and Myrick Land*

41 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

42 Books in Brief *by Dena Kaye and Harriet Heyman*

TRAVEL

49 A Tale of Three Cities
by Dena Kaye

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

53 Editorial: The Need Is to Know More, Not Less
by Albert Rosenfeld

54 The Promise and Peril of Psychosurgery
by Richard Restak, M.D.

58 Who's Asking Life-and-Death Questions Today?
by Ira Mothner

60 Science Research Notes

MUSIC

47 French Music—A Case of Arrested Decay
by Roy McMullen

GAMESMANSHIP

61 Eye on Chess No. 33
by Fairfield W. Hoban

63 Double-Crostic No. 33
by Thomas H. Middleton

68 Wit Twister No. 5
by Arthur Swan

Cover photograph
by Philippe Halsman

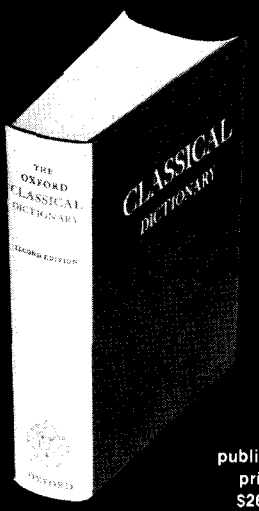
Cartoons: Leo Garel, Ed Arno, B.R. Burbank, Herbert Goldberg, Ed Fisher, Bernard Schoenbaum, Henry Martin, John Ruge

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD published biweekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; William J. McVey, Jr., Director of Advertising; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Account Managers—Peter J. Brandon, Bernard Ganis, Charles Harris, Fraser S. Howe, Walter G. Koontz, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Advertising Production Manager, Robert Ziegler; Automotive Marketing Manager, Bruce E. Miller, 365 Notre Dame, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 3242 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215—A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Fulfillment Manager, Gregory Rodgers. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions, APO, FPO, & Canada: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 1, No. 2, September 25, 1973. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1973 by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35 mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206, or phone Ms. André, 319-732-3451.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let The Readers' Subscription guide you through classical Greece and Rome with this massive reference.

THE OXFORD CLASSICAL DICTIONARY
is the book you'll receive free when you
join The Readers' Subscription, choose your first selection
from the books described below, and agree to take
3 more selections at reduced prices during the next 12 months.



publisher's price: $26.00

THE OXFORD CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition

"Classical learning and education have never...been in the hands of scholars better equipped with learning, judgment, and good taste." That's what the *Times Literary Supplement* said about this truly notable contribution to classical literature. New, thoroughly revised, and enlarged, the Second Edition is the most comprehensive and authoritative guide to classical antiquity ever published. Spanning 23 centuries of art, literature, philosophy, religion, science, mythology and government, its 5,000 encyclopedic articles cover the Ancient World from the ascendency of Athens to the collapse of Rome. Now, The Readers' Subscription wants you to accept this book free when you become a member of our distinguished book club.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION

Month after month, The Readers' Subscription offers its members rich intellectual fare: fine books like those described on this page. Books by Nabokov, Joyce, Singer, Neruda, Yeats, Chekhov and many others. Selections which include fiction, poetry, reference, biography, literary criticism and art. In short, exciting reading. For full details on how you can become a member of The Readers' Subscription, check the coupon below.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION WR 73 3/6
10 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

I wish to join The Readers' Subscription. If my application is accepted, send me **THE OXFORD CLASSICAL DICTIONARY** free and my first membership selection (indicated below) at member's price. **THE DICTIONARY** constitutes my first bonus given me in advance of my first four purchases of membership selections. I will choose the first selection now and the remaining three any time in the next 12 months. Then, after completing the series of four purchases I am free to resign. However, if I remain I will be eligible for another valuable bonus after every four additional selections I take. All selections are offered at reduced member's prices. The forthcoming selections will be announced to me in the free brochure, The Griffin. If I want the main selection, I need do nothing; it will come to me automatically. If I want another book instead, or no selection at all that month, I simply let you know on the return card which is always provided with each Griffin.

FIRST SELECTION_____

☐ Bill me for my first selection at member's price plus postage and handling.

☐ Payment enclosed for my first selection (add appropriate sales tax; we pay postage and handling).

Your name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Home Address, if other than above_____

Your signature, please_____

Note to foreign subscribers: we will be pleased to accept membership applications and will advise you of special conditions.

Start membership with any one of these current Selections, all available at reduced Member's Prices.

Forewords and Afterwords / W. H. Auden. Witty essays which treat such subjects as Kipling, Pope and Mann. $12.50/$8.95

How We Live: Contemporary Life in Contemporary Fiction / Edited by Penney Chapin Hills and Rust Hills. $12.50/$8.95

Impersonation of Angels: A Biography of Jean Cocteau / Frederick Brown. $12.50/$7.50

In the Twenties: The Diaries of Harry Kessler / Harry Kessler. Pre-Hitler Europe as seen through the eyes of one of this period's most astute observers. $10.00/$7.50

Journey to Heartbreak: Bernard Shaw 1914-1918 / Stanley Weintraub. $8.95/$6.95

Lying Woman / Jean Giraudoux. Based directly on an incident in the author's life, this love story was long suppressed. $6.95/$5.75

Manual of Piety / Bertolt Brecht. Translated by Eric Bentley. Brecht's first – and best – book of poems. $10.00/$7.95

Masks of Love and Death: Yeats as Dramatist / John Rees Moore. The emergence of W. B. Yeats as a dramatist of first importance. $9.75/$7.50

The New Golden Bough / Edited by Theodor H. Gaster. Presented in an excellent abridged version, Sir James Frazer's classic work newly revised and edited. $14.95/$10.50

New Oxford Book of English Verse 1250-1950 / Helen Gardner. Encompassing the works of Geoffrey Chaucer to Dylan Thomas, this is one of the most famous anthologies in our language. $10.00/$7.95

Acts of Attention: The Poems of D. H. Lawrence / Sandra M. Gilbert. $10.95/$8.25

Age of Energy: Varieties of American Experience 1865-1915 / Howard Mumford Jones. The great men and movements that helped shape America for 50 years after the Civil War. $12.50/$8.50

Animal, Vegetable, Mineral: A Commonplace Book / Louis Kronenberger. A fascinating compendium of wit and wisdom. $8.95/$6.95

On Proust / Jean Francois Revel. A new critical re-examination of the master. $8.95/$6.95

The Other Woman / Colette. Witty, sensitive, thoughtful stories, together with a long autobiographical piece. $6.75/$5.75

Oxford Companion to English Literature / Sir Paul Harvey. An indispensable authority on literary facts and allusions. $15.00/ $10.95.

Paris Was Yesterday, 1925-1939 / Janet Flanner. A felicitous selection of Genêt's early New Yorker dispatches. $8.50/$6.75

Piers the Plowman / William Langland. Translated and with an introduction by Margaret Williams, R.S.C.J. A brilliant modern verse rendition. $10.00/$7.50

The Pound Era / Hugh Kenner. A wide-ranging sympathetic portrait of the age of Pound, Joyce and Eliot. $14.95/$10.95

Portrait in the Renaissance / John Pope Hennesy. A monumental survey of Renaissance painting. $18.50/$12.50

Time of Need: Forms of Imagination in the 20th Century / William Barrett. A remarkable book of philosophical and literary interpretation. $8.95/$6.95

Baedeker's United States – 1893 / Edited by Karl Baedeker. An indispensable guide to turn-of-the-century-America. $14.95/$10.95

City of Words: American Fiction 1950-1970 / Tony Tanner. A wide-ranging introduction to the literature of the last two decades. $7.95/$6.25

Selected Poems, Pablo Neruda / Edited by Nathaniel Tarn. A bi-lingual collection of Neruda's poems. $12.50/$8.95

English Literature: 1815-1832 / Ian Jack. Explores the contributions of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Hazlitt, Lamb, DeQuincy, and others. $11.00/$8.95

Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English, 7th ed. / Eric Partridge. $18.50/$12.95

Crossing the Water & Winter Trees / Sylvia Plath. Posthumously published poems by the author of the *Bell Jar*. $11.90/$7.95. Separately $4.95 ea.

Belle Epoque / Raymond Rudorff. A loving recreation of Paris in the 1890's. $10.00/$7.95

The Character of the Poet: Wordsworth in *The Prelude* / Richard Onorato. Wordsworth's long revealing autobiographical poem. $12.50/$8.50

Commonsense Grammar and Style / Robert E. Morseberger. Takes a new look at some key questions of grammar. $8.95/$6.95

Contour in Time: The Plays of Eugene O'Neill / Travis Bogard. Illuminating analysis of 56 of his plays. $15.00/$10.95

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson / Edited by Thomas Johnson. $15.00/$10.95

Enemies, A Love Story / Isaac Bashevis Singer. A Jewish refugee's explosive relationship with three women. $6.95/$5.95

The Exile of James Joyce / Hélène Cixious. A dazzling interpretation of Joyce's life as a work of art. $15.00/$10.95

Exiles from Paradise: Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald / Sarah Mayfield. Provides fascinating new insights into the lives of two of the most talked and written about figures in American literature. $8.95/$6.95

Quiet Rebellion; The Making and Meaning of the Arts / James K. Feibleman. A critical and philosophical study of contemporary arts and artists. $7.95/$6.25

Roughing It / Mark Twain. The annotated scholarly edition of one of his most popular books. $14.95/$10.95

The Palm at the End of the Mind: Selected Poems and a Play by Wallace Stevens / Edited by Holly Stevens. $10.00/$7.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Progress Report

More Steam Heat

In Mexico's Baja California, the biggest geothermal power plant in the Western Hemisphere is building up its first full head of steam. With nineteen wells reaching 7500 feet below the surface to tap 675-degree water deposits, the Cerro Prieto steam turbines are expected to generate 75,000 kilowatts of electricity.

The use of natural steam to turn the turbines—instead of water heated by burning coal or petroleum, as in conventional systems—saves Mexico more than a million barrels of fuel oil a year, according to Jorge Guiza, head of the Mexican government's Department of Geothermic Resources. The advanced steam system also avoids the pollution associated with the combustion of fossil fuels.

By 1983 the Cerro Prieto complex is expected to generate enough power for the region's anticipated population of 2 million. Meanwhile, Mexico is exploring for other deposits of geothermal steam at 123 locations.

U.S. observers, increasingly interested in new energy sources, are encouraged by Mexico's advances in the field. "We are really benefiting from the Mexican experience," says Dr. André Simonpietri, science officer at the U.S. embassy in Mexico City. Extensive areas with geothermal potential have been identified in the western United States. One expert at the University of California estimates that his state's Imperial Valley alone might yield 20,000 to 30,000 megawatts of geothermal power. Last year the National Science Foundation and the University of Alaska estimated that by the end of this century geothermal power could more than double total U.S. production of electricity *(World Progress Report,* March 27).

Filling the Gaps

Both the dentists who prescribe them and their patients who suffer them know that false teeth can cause almost as many problems as they solve. A replacement tooth can fatally weaken the neighboring healthy teeth to which it is attached. Implanted in the jaw with metal anchors, the false tooth can cause disease in the jawbone.

Such unhappy side effects may be eliminated by a new technique developed by the University of Southern California Dental School and the Vitredent Corporation. The new method seats the false tooth in a socket of vitreous carbon that is implanted in the jawbone in place of the missing tooth root. Carbon, the common basis of all organic matter, causes no adverse reaction in the bone, and it is strong enough to withstand the pressure of normal chewing activity. USC dentists report a 90-percent success rate with 250 implants performed during the past three years.

Florida: The First Resort

Although Ponce de León failed to find the fountain of youth he was looking for when he discovered Florida in 1513, the sea-girt, sun-kissed peninsula has almost ever since been invaded by immigrants seeking self-renewal and the good life.

Recently, evidence has been unearthed to indicate that the late-comers were preceded by a much earlier population of Floridians. William Cockrell, an underwater archaeologist for the state, has unearthed and dated the skull of a twenty-five- to thirty-year-old Paleo-Indian who lived on the shore of southwestern Florida as long as 10,000 years ago. The early outdoorsman dined on such then-common local specialties as bear, brown sloth, mastodon, and saber-toothed tiger, as well as the ever-abundant shellfish.

According to Mr. Cockrell, the skull is "the oldest man find in the eastern United States." But, he adds, "If a Paleo-man walked into the room, you wouldn't recognize him as different. Man has not changed that much."

ANTHONY WOLFF

"I'm warning you, Donald, if you don't behave yourself I'll tell your parents you're a musical genius."

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 32

(LAWRENCE CLARK) POWELL: THE MYSTIQUE ENDURES

My choice of classics is as personal as my delimitation of the Southwest. A constant criterion is the presence of an extra quality, an inner fire that illumines the prose and which seems to come from a mystical union between writer and region.

From *Westways,* June 1973

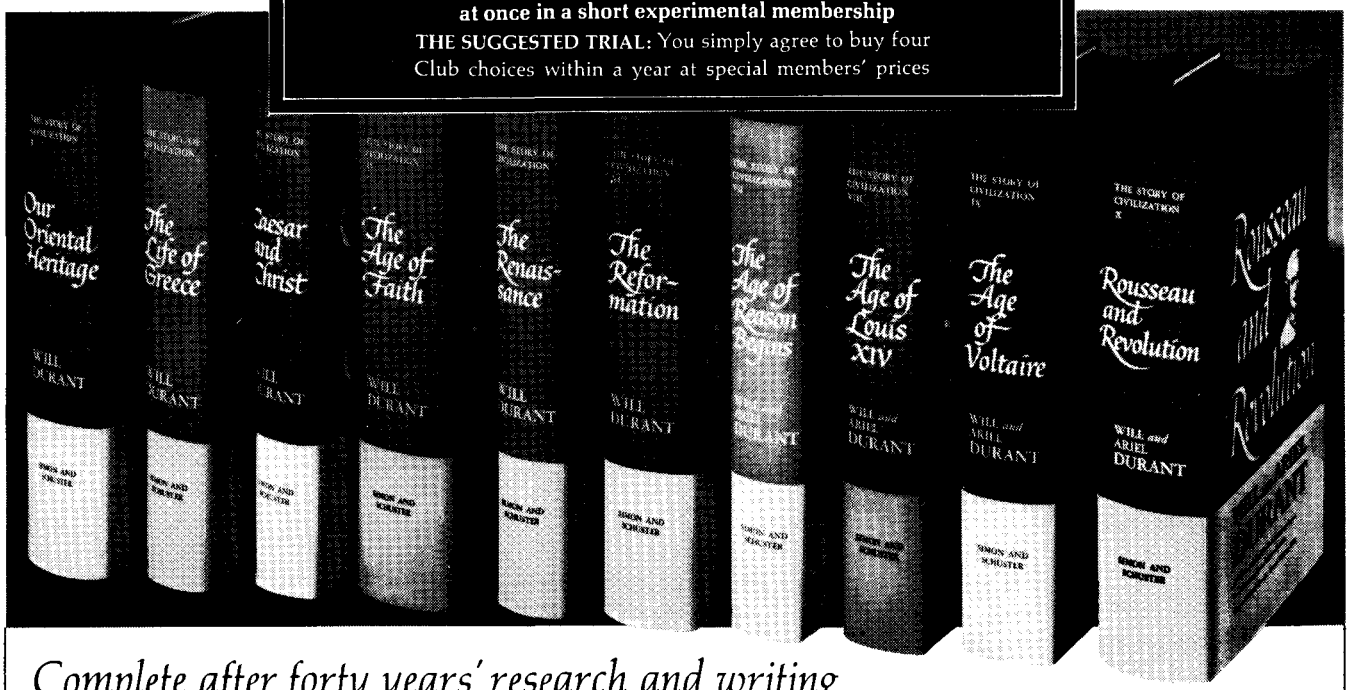
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

THIS GREAT $150 TEN-VOLUME HISTORY FOR ONLY $1.50 A VOLUME

at once in a short experimental membership

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices



Complete after forty years' research and writing

The Story of Civilization

by WILL and ARIEL DURANT

I. Our Oriental Heritage. Ancient Egypt and the Near East. The Far East, early to modern times.

II. The Life of Greece. Explores all facets of Greek life from prehistoric times to the Roman conquest.

III. Caesar and Christ. The rise of Rome and Christianity and the collapse of classic civilization.

IV. The Age of Faith. Christian, Islamic and Judaic civilizations, 325 to 1300, including the Crusades.

V. The Renaissance. Italy's golden age, 1304 to 1576. A turbulent world of intrigue and great art.

VI. The Reformation. Europe's religious conflicts, from two centuries before Luther to Calvin.

VII. The Age of Reason Begins. Europe, 1558-1646. The age of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Galileo.

VIII. The Age of Louis XIV. The brilliant era of the "Sun King," Milton, Cromwell, Peter the Great.

IX. The Age of Voltaire. Europe from 1715 to 1756. The world of Frederick the Great, Wesley, Bach.

X. Rousseau and Revolution. Europe from the Seven Years' War to the storming of the Bastille.

EACH OF THE TEN VOLUMES IN THE SET LISTS FOR $15

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing,** through oversight, books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts — up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in format, size and quality.**

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about. If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, at least one Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.50** — somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets — will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save **70% or more** of what they would otherwise have to pay.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., 280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review **World**

Editor — Norman Cousins

Publisher — S. Spencer Grin

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Executive Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Lively Arts Editor
Hollis Alpert

Literary Editor
Midge Decter

Music Editor
Irving Kolodin

Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser • Roger M. Williams

Editors-at-Large
U Thant • R. Buckminster Fuller • J. Robert Moskin

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Cleveland Amory • Frank Appleton
James Cass • John Ciardi • William Cole
Henry Hewes • Fairfield W. Hoban • Peter Janssen
Stephen Koch • Katharine Kuh • Thomas H. Middleton
Albert Rosenfeld • Leo Rosten • Walter Terry
Margaret R. Weiss

Art Director
Judith Adel

Copy Editor
Harriet Heyman

Assistant Art Director
Georgianna Brush

Assistant Editors
Sharon Fass • Susan Heath • Dena Kaye

Vice-Chairman
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

Associate Publisher
Lyn White

Director of Advertising
William J. McVey, Jr.

SECRET POLICE AND SECURITY

Too many people seem to regard Watergate as little more than an open chamber of political horrors, a vastly diverting interlude in the national life in which scheming and overblown men are trapped in the full glare of powerful public searchlights. But the American people will deprive themselves of the main historical value of the Watergate exposures if their only reaction is one of gratification at seeing men in high station cut down to size and made subordinate to the investigatory and judicial process. For the central meaning of Watergate is that it has disclosed a large and ominous flaw in the form and substance of American government during the past quarter-century. The flaw is represented by the fact that secret and undercover operations have become standard operating procedure in government, with a consequent threat to the nature and traditions of an open society.

When did it begin? The starting point would probably be the decision by Congress in 1947 to establish what in effect was a government within a government. The secret agency was exempted from the constitutional requirements and limitations that applied to other government agencies. It would have vast sums at its disposal for which it would not have to account to Congress in the ordinary manner. It would be powerful enough to mount or support substantial military operations, subvert or overthrow other governments, and even engage in assassinations.

To the extent that such operations call for agency officials who possess extraordinary judgment and balance, it is apparent that the CIA was successful in finding responsible leadership. But the very existence of such a powerful and secret facility, as the Watergate investigation reveals, has served as a magnet to political chiefs in government. For political leaders live in an unremitting state of frustration. They have to cope with unimaginable pressures from multiple quarters, including their own party. They have to deal with conflicting economic and social interests. The presidency of the United States is a post of both vast power and vast limitations. The power is prodigious when underwritten by public consensus and erodes very rapidly without it. On top of everything else, the President has to work for the success of his own political party.

A President who is confronted and confounded by all these problems and roadblocks, and who is personally not averse to short cuts, is not apt to ignore the existence of a secret agency inside government that has the advantage of high maneuverability, unvouchered funds, and secret-police capability. In the present case, the American people are fortunate that key CIA officials resisted attempts of the White House to involve the agency in illegal and unethical schemes. The main point here, however, is that the American people should not have to depend on their good fortune in having men in appointive office who are willing to risk their jobs by standing up to the nation's chief executive or his aides on matters of principle. The existence of such an agency is the signal, significant, and ominous fact. A President or his aides may decide to use the presidential appointive power in a way that ensures he will not be rebuffed.

With or without respect to presidential manipulation or control, however, the very fact of a clandestine agency creates both a mood and style that inevitably extend beyond the agency itself. For the President to set up a secret-police operation in the White House may seem an outlandish violation of the Constitution, but he had a working model close at hand. Secret-police and undercover activities for a quarter-century have been an integral part of our foreign policy and operations. Is it contended that it is legal and ethical to violate the security and rights of individuals so long as they are citizens of another country? The trouble with this position, of course, is that the U.S. Constitution was designed not just to protect American citizens but to prevent representatives of the U.S. government from violating the national rights of any human beings, whatever their nationality.

It is ironic that a clandestine agency designed to protect American security should become inimical to it. When the President tries to invoke our national security as the justification for violating the rights of U.S. citizens, he seems to forget that the historic purpose of American security is not just to guard against invasion but to protect the individual citizen against government itself when necessary. Security begins not with the creation of a vast army and mammoth arsenals but with a social contract in which the government accepts the central responsibility for safeguarding the rights of its citizens. Former Secretary of State William Rogers is to be thanked for reminding the country of this wider definition of our security.

A return to sanity and safety in this nation requires an end to the entire concept of secret police, secret budgets, secret military operations, secret political activities. It was historically false and dangerously absurd, to begin with, to assume we had to imitate the forces we feared in order to cope with them.

N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Readers

Power Vs. Justice

A word of appreciation to James David Barber for his timely and meaningful article ("The Presidency After Watergate," July 31). Amid all the sensationalistic hoopla surrounding Watergate, it is edifying to find that at least one man has put his finger on the key issue: ". . . The issue is the nation's course, not Nixon's fate." When the relationship between the executive and the legislative branches of government is portrayed as little more than a cheap power struggle, then we can be certain that a genuine historical crisis is in the offing. Will history, that most impartial and objective of judges, deny that naked power struggles in government mark the advent of tyranny? Can we deny, furthermore, that tyranny need not necessarily reside in one man but that it can also reside in a collective body of men . . . ?

In the coming months and years, it should be interesting to see whether or not our government dashes its integrity to pieces in a power struggle. Heaven help us if we opt for power rather than justice as the great be-all and end-all of political existence! If that be the case, then we are due for a new American Revolution that will exalt political justice as the great "end" of all government. The time is fast approaching when intelligent political heads must unite to put power back in its rightful position as the "means" and not the "end" of our nation's political style of life.

Spencer D. Brien
Peever, South Dakota

Attitudes on Africa

Russell Warren Howe's article ("Downriver to Armageddon," July 17) concerning South Africa all too readily assumes that American sympathies lie with blacks seeking to lift the burden of apartheid. A considerably different position is advocated by members of the military sector. The June 1973 issue of *Armed Forces Journal International* contains a feature profile of the South African military. Among the reasons for such a profile: "South Africa produces 77 percent of the gold in the free world. . . . South Africa has continued its pledge of full support to the free world and is prepared to apply everything in its power to meet the Communist threat." "Firm, open military ties" with the South African government would obligate the United States to oppose nationalist revolution and support the current apartheid regime.

Initially this position may appear absurd to the liberals referred to by Mr. Howe, but a closer look is required. Apparently, certain military advocates have not abandoned a cold-war perspective. Further, a major lesson of Indochina must be that military personnel have established strong patterns of influence with both Congress and the executive. Finally, even a cursory review of recent history reveals an America generally opposing indigenous nationalist movements —e.g., in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam, in Chile, in Cambodia. It is instructive to note that of the ten largest Third World recipients of U.S. grants, credits, and aid between 1945 and 1971, seven are currently military dictatorships: South Korea, South Vietnam, Brazil, Turkey, Taiwan, Greece, and the Philippines.

American support for African nationalist movements is at best an open question. Such support, if it is to be, must grow from the demands of American citizens unwilling to support additional military dictatorships in the guise of members of the free world. We must recall the message of the Pentagon papers: "The restraints, the limits of actions perceived, are what the body politic at home will tolerate. . . ."

Wesley W. Harris
Athens, Ohio

I was rather impressed with Russell Warren Howe's article. I do not think, however, that Prime Minister H. Kamuzu Banda and the other 4.5 million people of Malawi would be overawed by "The Cast of Countries" profile included with the article. Malawi was omitted. In 1964 Dr. Banda said: "I am the boss, and anyone who does not know that is a fool. I decide everything without consulting anybody, and that is how things will be done in Malawi. Anyone who does not like that can get out." Malawi might encourage some people to "get out," but I doubt that it wants to be "left out" of a discussion about southern Africa.

Prof. Charles T. Barber
Department of Political Science
Indiana State University
Evansville, Indiana

"Nothing like the book."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Father Knows Least

There comes a time in a confused man's life when he has to believe in something. That time is now, and I want to say for the record that I believe in Julie Nixon Eisenhower.

In the midst of the Senate Watergate hearings, with their attendant accusations and contradictions, followed daily by screaming headlines, I read a newspaper interview with Julie in which she quietly said that her father had no advance knowledge of the break-in. "He was really in the dark," she explained with candor and honesty glowing on her bright and pretty face, "because he had such complete faith in all around him."

I recall the exact date she said it—July 4, the day my soul and spirit won their independence and their freedom from disturbing, pervasive doubt. It also happened to be Julie's twenty-fifth birthday. And, cross my heart and hope to live with it, I believed her.

FROM THE WAY the hearings had been going in July, it seemed to this distraught mind that the senators wouldn't find anybody in Washington who could come up with a straight story about Watergate. Nobody except Frank Wills. "Who's he?" you ask. Mr. Wills is the eighty-dollar-a-week security guard at the Watergate complex who saw lights in the windows of the Democratic headquarters that night and realized it wasn't the cleaning women or mice. So he called the police.

Wouldn't it be ironic, I said to myself, if Mr. Wills wound up being charged with obstructing an operation to obstruct justice? That's the kind of sick thinking I was suffering from until I read the interview with Julie.

I believed Julie when she said her father had nothing to do with planning the break-in. The President himself verified this in his August 15 speech from one of the rooms in his far-flung empire of White Houses.

That's why I believe Julie. Don't you? All of you who believe in Julie, applaud. . . . Good for you. That's more applause than Peter Pan got when he flew in through Wendy's open window, landed gracefully downstage center, and asked us all to clap if we believed in Mary Martin.

But that was back in Never-Never Land. It was easy then to believe. And in these days of Hardly-Ever Land, I even believed Julie when she said her father talked about resigning last May, when the family gathered at Camp David.

"My father," she said, "played the devil's advocate. He asked us questions about resigning the office."

Julie said she and her husband and her mother had all shouted no—he should not resign. I believe that happened. Don't you? Sure you do. The AP believed her, and the UPI believed her, and the other wire services picked it up because they believed her, and the papers printed it because they all believed Julie.

ONLY ONE PERSON did not believe Julie. That one person was . . . that one person was (I hate writing this next line) . . . that one person, alas, was her father. Because the day after that interview the headline was, "White House Denies President Thought Seriously of Resigning."

What a graceless thing to do! Public chastisement for one who had demonstrated such filial devotion. Shame on the White House. Let's hear it again for Julie. . . . Thank you.

Couldn't he have done it privately? Called her into his study and said, "Julie, this is the President of the United States. You have misspoken."

"Misspoken? Daddy, I was there. You talked about resigning."

"You have leaked classified information contrary to our national security. And even to my own."

He told her she would have to be punished and went on to say that when it comes to discipline, he is a strict constructionist. And she said, "Okay, skip the lecture."

He told her it was not nice to fool Father Nature. As a father he could understand her motive, but as President he must abide by the separation of powers. And Julie said, "Get to the bottom line." And he told her she could give no more interviews for two weeks.

Not exactly complete amnesty. Could have been worse. He might have put her on his list of enemies.

At an earlier crisis, in 1952 when Julie was only four, Mr. Nixon successfully explained away a gift received, a cocker spaniel named Checkers. And now, here is Julie, unwittingly cast as Checkers. And father says she was barking up the wrong tree.

Poor Julie. But I believe in Julie Eisenhower. □

"I just can't get used to calling her a chairperson—it makes me think she's in the upholstery business."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listen free for 10 days! Then SAVE 50% off our already-low price if you decide to keep this superb 3-record set plus free bonus LP...

AN EVENING WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

$7.47 ALL YOURS FOR ONLY
plus small postage/handling charge

WILLIAM STEINBERG CONDUCTS
THE PLANETS
HOLST'S ASTROLOGICAL SPECTACULAR "SEEMS TO HERALD A NEW ERA IN RECORDED SOUND" (STEREO REVIEW)

MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS CONDUCTS
WINTER DREAMS
TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST SYMPHONY, ROMANTIC MOOD-PAINTING AT ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL AND CAPTIVATING

RAFAEL KUBELIK CONDUCTS
THE MOLDAU
SMETANA'S PORTRAIT OF AN ENCHANTING RIVER, PLUS ITS RADIANT COMPANION, *FROM BOHEMIA'S WOODS AND FIELDS*

CLAUDIO ABBADO CONDUCTS
DAPHNIS & CHLOE
RAVEL'S SHIMMERING SECOND SUITE FROM THE BALLET, PLUS HIS TENDER *PAVANE FOR A DEAD PRINCESS*

Extra! Free Bonus Record!

STEINBERG CONDUCTS STRAUSS'
ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA
Famous dramatic theme music from "2001: A Space Odyssey" in a triumphant performance

No obligation to buy anything!

Here's a fabulous opportunity! Listen *free* for 10 days to a complete concert of magnificent music... played by the incomparable Boston Symphony Orchestra under four celebrated conductors... recorded by Deutsche Grammophon with astonishing stereo realism... pressed in Europe on superior, silent-surfaced discs. And if you act today, *An Evening with the Boston Symphony Orchestra*—three records boxed *plus* free bonus record *plus* big brochure filled with pictures and articles about the music and artists—can be yours at *50% off* our regular price to introduce you to the International Festival of Great Orchestras. Return the set after 10 days, or keep it if you wish for only $7.47 plus small postage/handling charge. (You save *more than $20* off suggested list price of comparable records in retail stores!)

Then continue to save! For you also receive a 10-day free audition privilege, with *no obligation to buy*, on other exciting three-record concert programs (plus free bonus LP), one sent every two months, by the world's great orchestras, like the London Symphony and Berlin Philharmonic. Return any set, or keep it at our low regular price of only $14.95 plus small postage/handling charge—a *$12.97 saving* off comparable retail value! You may cancel at any time. Open your heart and ears to the ultimate in home listening pleasure! Mail the card right now!

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL THIS COUPON IF POSTPAID CARD IS MISSING

Limited Opportunity! New Members Only! CSW-1
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF GREAT ORCHESTRAS
333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601

Please send, for my free audition, the three-record boxed concert program with brochure, *An Evening with the Boston Symphony Orchestra*, plus bonus record. I may return all four records after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only $7.47 (half your regular price) plus a small postage/handling charge (sales tax extra where required). I will also receive, at two-month intervals, further concert programs—three records plus bonus LP—by famous orchestras for my free 10-day audition. I may return any set, or keep it at your regular low price (only $14.95 complete plus small postage/handling charge). I am not obligated to buy any records whatsoever, and I may cancel this arrangement at any time.

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

502

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Over the years we've become pretty immunized to book ads and book blurbs. But one book ad we saw recently really grabbed us. "How would you like," it began, "to beat the coming depression?" Like it? we thought; we'll try it. Then the ad really got going. "To live securely and well," it went on, "while everyone else is going under." Terrific, we thought. Everyone else going down on the *Titanic* and us in a lifeboat, all to ourselves—without even women and children.

But the ad was just beginning. "And perhaps," it said, "to make a fortune besides." Perfect. All our competitors in the Poor House and us on Easy Street. "You don't have to be a millionaire," the ad continued, "to live better than ever during a depression." Well, frankly, that worried us a little. Because, it seemed to us, you have to be pretty close to a millionaire nowadays to live at all. But no matter. For then the ad told us unequivocally, "You don't have to be a financial wizard, either." That sure was good news. These days you can hardly get decent wizards any more—there are so many of them in jail. Anyway, as if all this were not enough, the ad then told us—and we quote—"Thousands of men did it during the thirties."

The Thirties, we presumed, not *theirs*. In any case we were so excited we couldn't even wait to fill out the coupon to send for the book—to a publisher called the C.B.C. Company. We hurried down to the nearest bookstore, but the nearest, and, for that matter, the farthest, bookstore didn't have it—apparently they were not so familiar with the C.B.C. Company as to be on an initial basis. Finally we had to settle for sending for the book. And when at last it arrived —*How to Beat the Depression That Is Surely Coming*—the first thing we noticed was that, while it may have been published, it really hadn't been printed —it was just typeset. But the author's name was there anyway, Robert H. Persons, Jr. And underneath, it said, "Professor of Economics, Director of Finance and Banking, University of Bridgeport."

Part 1, which was pretty nearly half the book, was catchily entitled, "Why You Need a New Financial Plan to Make You Self-Reliant and Flexible in the 1970s." Well, that sure was good news, too. If there's anything our budget is, it's flexible. Part 2 was the real thriller: "Getting More Out of What You Have Now." This turned out to be, however, our first big disillusionment. We thought they were going to tell us how to get *new* stuff, not stuff we already had. But the really maddening thing was that, look as we would all through the book, we couldn't find a mother's son of all those "thousands" who the ad promised got rich in the Thirties. As a matter of fact, we found only one fellow whose story was told at length. A fellow named William Crapo Durant.

No, we're *not* making it up—he was the founder of General Motors. And in May 1929, the book told us, Mr. Durant "liquidated his stock position, nailing down his paper profits."

And then what did Mr. Durant do? Well, in late 1929 he plunged in again—and went on in, deeper and deeper, until finally, in 1936, he went bankrupt. "This man," the story concluded, "who was once worth $100 million, now owned a lunchroom in which he washed dishes."

We tell you, depression stories like that really get to you. Apples, yes. But dishes, no. We decided the heck with beating the depression, we'd join it.

HIGH-BROW NEWS NOTE—as found by Mrs. Hester Wells of Sierra Madre, California, in the Greenfield, Indiana, *Reporter*:

During the second semester, 455 of DePauw's undergraduates—or 200 percent of the student body—won dean's list distinction.

Sounds like the John Dean list.

SOCIAL NOTE—uncovered by Ms. Leah Cole of Littleton, New Hampshire, in *The Courier*:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Knapman and family saw a moose on Route 18 near the Flintlock Motel on Saturday.

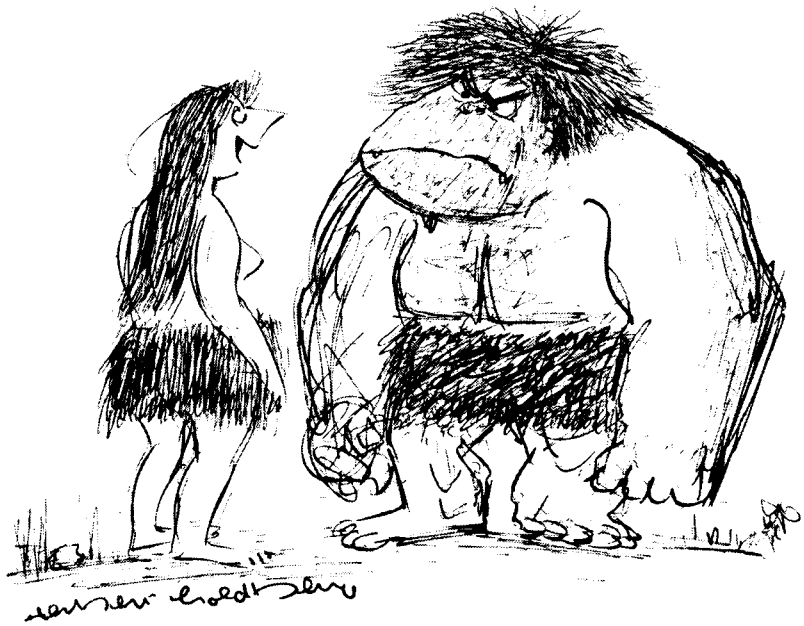
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Knapman and family are moving to Cape Cod in about a week.

Well, there's no need to get sore about it.

WATCH AND WARD NOTE—from a Geneseo, New York, reader who located it in the Geneseo *Drummer* and asked executive anonymity:

Betty Lou, the chairwoman of the Greater Piffard Downtowner's Association committee on obscenity and pornography, has announced that she is now available for speaking engagements and demonstrations this summer. She may be contacted at the Yard of Ale Tavern in beautiful downtown Piffard, and would like to know how many assistances to bring along to help with the demonstrations.

We don't care how many assistances she brings, it still doesn't sound like the old, beautiful downtown Piffard we knew. □



"You're really cute when you're angry."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

£125,000 ($300,000) and 2 years of loving labour went into this sumptuous Centennial Edition of

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DICKENS

As your introduction let us send you

FREE

Great Expectations

WITHOUT ANY PURCHASE OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER

BOUND IN EUROPE IN OLD WORLD STYLE

The quality of printing and binding in this Centennial Edition is seldom seen in the U.S.A. The covers have the look and feel of a kid glove. Their delicate design is 24 kt. gold. The books are full of gracious touches you have not seen in years: decorated endpapers, silk headbands, sewn-in bookmarks, period illustrations. A perfect expression of good taste in decorating as well as in literature.

Now . . . let these unforgettable characters of the world's master story-teller walk into your home.

Let this be your introduction to the most fascinating characters that any writer's genius ever created. The improvident Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up . . . Uriah Heep, the "so very 'umble" . . . honest Pegotty endlessly roaming in search of his seduced daughter . . . Sampson and Sarah Brass . . . Quilp . . . and poor little Nell . . . their very names breathe the magic gift of Charles Dickens for creating vivid characters. Every page you read comes alive with real people whom you'll love . . . hate . . . pity . . . and never forget! *Now meet them—treasure them in your home—in beautiful books worthy of the genius who created them.*

Rich heirloom bindings—classic illustrations

This sumptuous Centennial Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens took Heron Books in England £125,000 and 2 years of loving effort to create. The edition has taken British booklovers by storm, and is now available here at amazingly low cost. With classic-style printing, elegant gold-tooled rich-textured bindings, and the original illustrations of such famous Dickens artists as Cruikshank, "Phiz" and Tenniel, these books are treasures indeed. They will beautify your bookshelves, enrich your home, and delight you, your children, and generations to come—just as their tales have delighted generations past.

But you have to see them, take them in your hands, examine them lovingly to recognize their full value. We therefore make this fantastic offer: Accept as an outright gift one of the best loved Dickens classics *"Great Expectations"*. . . FREE! Simply mail the Free Dickens Coupon and discover the superb Centennial Edition without obligation to buy a single book!

Your opportunity to build a beautiful library—at low cost

If you are not absolutely convinced after reading and examining your first volume that the Centennial Edition represents a publishing venture of such unique beauty that you will always be proud to have such books in your home, then simply notify us within 10 days and your subscription will be cancelled without your having bought a single volume. And GREAT EXPECTATIONS will still be yours to keep.

But if you are as thrilled by the beautiful and elegant binding, as charmed by the many reproductions of the original illustrations, and as fascinated by the masterful Dickens narrative as we think you will be, then each month thereafter we will advise you in advance of every shipment, which you may accept if you wish at the special low subscriber price of $3.89 plus shipping. Each book will be identically printed and bound in Europe to the same high standards. But you will not have to take more than you actually want. You may terminate your subscription any time you decide your collection is as complete as you want it.

Limited Edition—reserve now. Clearly, an edition of this magnificence cannot be produced *en masse*. Our import quota is limited. Should it be over-subscribed, it may take some time before additional sets can be offered. To avoid disappointment, send the Free Reservation Coupon now.

HERON BOOKS, 201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, New Jersey 08846

Free Reservation Coupon:

HERON BOOKS, 201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, New Jersey 08846

Please send me as an OUTRIGHT GIFT the sumptuous Centennial Edition of *Great Expectations*. Accepting this gift does not obligate me to order any further books, not even one!

You will send me advance notice of all matching Dickens Centennial Edition volumes as they become available, and I may reject any shipment merely by notifying you. I may return any volume you send without penalty after a 10-day free examination, or I may keep it for just $3.89 plus shipping.

You will cancel my subscription whenever I notify you I consider my collection complete. There is no minimum number of books I must order—*not even one! Great Expectations* is mine to keep FREE in any case.

☐ **FREE CENTENNIAL MEDAL**
Check here if responding in 5 days. We'll send you this beautiful bronzed Dickens Medal—yours to keep as a gift in any case.

Signature_____

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ DC-184

State_____ Zip_____

FOR CANADA: Return coupon to us. Special arrangements for servicing Canadian subscribers have been made.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

About 300 years ago, or on May 22, 1973—whichever came first—I yielded this column to the Fiend of Idiocy and made a few sinful and amateurish passes at the palindrome, citing a few of the more common examples and eking the total out to nine by adding a few laborious contrivances of my own. I even went so far as to guess there were not many more palindromes to be mined from the English language.

Fellow idiots, all that was in the age before your saving Word. Word, I have sinned. I know now I should have known better. I repent. Ah, how much more able was I ere I saw Elba!

For remorseful weeks I have suffered my desk and soul to be buried in mail from palindromaniacs the world round. From Bunia in Zaïre, J. Michael Klaus writes to tempt me with such French sinfulness as ESOPE RESTE ICI ET SE REPOSE and ELU PAR CETTE CRAPULE. The latter reference is probably to LAVAL. Yes, it could, of course, be to U NU or to LON NOL, but I mean to resist foreign temptation. It is the sins of my own tongue I must atone.

Not for my soul's salvation could I hope to answer all the mail, letter by letter. I have no desk in New York and no secretary. I do have a typewriter, but I feel uneasy at it. I live in a suburban attic and have nothing to send the world but a half-legible scrawl. Is it not penance enough that I have read and sorted the mail? I tell myself it is enough; yet a voice cries from "The Ancient Mariner":

> The man hath penance done
> And penance more will do.

To it, then. NOT A TON perhaps. But at least SOME MEMOS on having given off an AMORAL AROMA. Nor can I hope to thank by name all the fellow idiots who have weighed down my soul for its own good. I can only report that DRAB DAMN WORDS DROWN MAD BARD.

THE FIRST STEP toward redemption is the recognition of sin. Let the list of the possible depravities begin with single words. In my earlier column I guessed that DEIFIED, a matter of a mere seven letters, might be the longest palindromic word in the language. Jeff Leptak and David Abrams of Troy (Ohio) High School easily shamed my guess by coming up with EVITATIVE (Obs., "tending to avoid or shun"), REDIVIDER, and MALAYALAM (the Dravidian language of Kerala, in southwest India). They challenge others to come up with longer palindromic words, and I will try (no promises) to transmit any such. For the time being, RELEVELER is at least good for a tie. And KINNIKINNIK, a mixture of dried leaves and bark once smoked by the Ojibwa.

The second step is from word to formula. Eve Madam keeps the roster of the sinful in a memorandum headed: MEMO: IDIOTS TO IDIOM—E.M.

Leigh Mercer, the author of A MAN, A PLAN, A CANAL—PANAMA! ranks with the MPs (Master Palindromists) on the list. His formula reads: SIDES REVERSED IS. Put any reversible word or phrase to the left and right of his central formula and you have a palindrome. E.g., DIAPER, SIDES REVERSED, IS REPAID. Or sin for yourself.

Another formula, in fact, features sin: DENNIS SINNED. It proceeds to: DENNIS AND EDNA SINNED. A next step might be: DENNIS Y. TROY AND EDNA YORTY SINNED.

Dmitri A. Borgmann, in *Language on Vacation* (Scribners, 1965), adds names from "A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Common English Given Names" in *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, seventh edition, and runs Dennis, Edna, and sin to a 263-letter palindrome. If your soul is truly lost, you will buy the book and look up the result for yourself on page 65.

ORGANIZED SIN must, of course, have its literature. For your beginner's demonology you will want, in addition to Borgmann, Willard R. Espy's *The Game of Words* (Grosset & Dunlap) and Howard Bergerson's *Palindromes and Anagrams* (Dover Publications).

LIVE, O DEVIL. REVEL EVER. LIVE. DO EVIL!

By the time you have learned to say such things to yourself every morning, you will have to run down James Thurber's *Lanterns and Lances* in order to read the chapter titled "Watchers of the Night." You will also need Roger Angell's "Ainmosni" (*The New Yorker*, May 31, 1969); Solomon W. Golomb's "Forth and Back and Back and Forth" (*Harvard Bulletin*, March 1972); and Michael Gartner's "3:00 A.M. Blahs" (*The Wall Street Journal*, March 7, 1973). See also Gartner's "Professor Otto R. Osseforp" in *The Wall Street Journal* for April 3, 1973.

Then, if you must dive not simply to damnation but to the bottom of the pit, send $4.00 for a year's subscription to *The Enigma* (Mary J. Youngquist, 299 McCall Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14616), or piker your way to doom by sending her a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a mini-sampler of the sorts of word-idiocy Enigmatists are addicted to. Miss Youngquist will further recommend to you *Word Ways: A Journal of Recreational Linguistics*, a quarterly published by A. Ross Eckler, Spring Valley Road, Morristown, N.J. 07960.

THESE WORKS in hand, the pilgrim on this earth will have his bestiary of motives. May he recognize evil only to shun it. Drawn to it, he will be lost eternally. He will sink into his black arts, and his children will cry "PA'S A SAP!"—and he will not hear.

His wife will whisper tenderly, and he will answer impatiently: "WONTON? NOT NOW!"

"I didn't ask if you wanted soup," she will answer, rebuffed.

"Variant spelling," he will say. "Given in OED as fourteenth century."

"Show me," she will say.

He will turn sullen, knowing he has been caught in a lie. Damn the fourteenth century. No one could spell anything in those days. He will snarl.

His mother-in-law, overhearing, will quote James Thurber: HE GODDAMN MAD DOG, EH? But he will remain unmoved by her kindly concern for his own good. He will have spotted a new vice called a Lindondrome, after J. A. Lindon, a British practitioner of the black arts. "Girl bathing on Bikini, eyeing boy, finds boy eyeing bikini on bathing girl." And, "So patient a doctor to doctor a patient so." It is the ritual of this cult, of course, to read backward not by the letter but by the Word. A new form of the black mass! The lost soul quivers with the joy of evil.

And what is that beyond? Look hard. The true penance must endure all. Look there. In the shadow of Satan himself. A nameless thing. The shadow of a printer's devil, a twister of typography, and, therefore, a defiler of the Word itself. What does it cry? Listen:

T 4 2 & 2 4 T!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose my first payment of $_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

WR3690

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cultural Revolution on Our Doorstep

Quebec's struggle for independence has yielded important by-products: a stronger economy, political clout, and a new pride in being "Québecois."

By Anthony Astrachan

Montreal

I have a devouring urge to have things completed, to have my own independent country." Genevieve Bujold, international movie star and nationalist political star, stood beautiful and luminous under a single floodlight, voicing her emotions with the same supple intensity she has shown in films. When the climax came, she was shouting and on the verge of tears: "I am Québecoise, and it is Quebec that I carry within me!"

The audience of 10,000 gave her a standing ovation. It happened to be a rally at the Coliseum in Quebec City for the Parti Québecois, which seeks independence from Canada on a legal, moderate, non-violent basis. It was also a moment in a cultural revolution that is far broader than separatism, a revolution that has been unfolding on the doorstep of the United States for twenty years, little noticed except in moments of violence like the political kidnapings and murder of the October crisis in 1970. Long known as "la Révolution Tranquille," "the Quiet Revolution," it is changing this North American society as profoundly as the civil rights movement changed the United States.

The revolution began in the 1950s, when Quebec was still largely uneducated and underdeveloped, a folklore society that was a source of tourism, antiques, and cheap labor for companies run by English-speaking Canadians and Americans. Maurice Duplessis, a provincial premier who ruled like a feudal baron, kept it that way for sixteen years until his death in 1959.

Then the transformation took off, modernizing the economy and the society, helping the Québecois become "masters in our own house," giving Quebec City new strength in arguments with Ottawa, and French Canada new weight in dealing with English Canada. It gave birth to a nationalist pride based on Quebec's unique version of French language and culture that is comparable to the "black power" idea in the United States but stronger—the pride that Bujold voices with such feeling.

Now, the revolution is slowing down but still producing new demands: for wider social justice, a healthier economy, the transfer of economic power into Québecois hands, and greater cultural autonomy. Common to all these demands is the desire to make French the language of real power as well as nationalist pride. English still dominates the Quebec economy, implying limits to political and cultural freedom. That very fact raises the key question: Can Quebec give new dimensions to the Quiet Revolution without seceding from a Canada that speaks English?

The separatists claim that the new demands can be met only by an independent Quebec. It's a far cry from the days when separatists were people who tended toward the extreme Left or the extreme Right, people who got high on violence and sneered at the architects of the Quiet Revolution as "nigger kings" of a mere Canadian colony. Today, separatism has been taken over by some of the leading quiet revolutionaries, bourgeois and moderate, people who have given up trying to make it in Canada and are trying instead to harness the continuing thrust of the cultural revolution to proposals for political revolution.

Their opponents argue that Quebec's demands can be met more effectively as part of Canada. This often boils down to the claim that secession would cut off trade and aid from the rest of Canada and thereby reduce Quebec's standard of living by one-third, making the demands irrelevant.

THE MAJORITY of Quebec voters have always rejected separatism in the past and would probably do so now if a referendum were held on that one question. Nor does anyone expect the separatist Parti Québecois to win a majority in the parliamentary elections due by next spring. But the PQ may make substantial gains as the party of reform and the most credible alternative to the Liberal party government of provincial Premier Robert Bourassa. That would be a signal to Bourassa to renew the Quiet Revolution, which he has been neglecting while concentrating on economic growth. Otherwise, voters might give the PQ a majority in 1978.

Photographs: Canada Wide Feature Service Ltd.
Separatist demonstration—"Chang

Anthony Astrachan covers Canada for The Washington Post *and has also observed societies in transformation in Africa and the Soviet Union.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıda as profoundly as the civil rights movement changed the United States."

The cultural transformation began in the 1950s with prophets like Pierre Trudeau, who founded a magazine named *Cité Libre* to challenge Duplessis and his system, and the questioning Catholic Jean-Paul Desbiens, who wrote essays challenging the system from the inside under the name Frère Untel ("Brother Anonymous"). Trudeau, of course, is now the prime minister of federal Canada. Desbiens is the principal of a Catholic junior college near Quebec City and a reluctant separatist.

There were no junior colleges then. Under Jean Lesage, the Liberal who became premier in 1960, Quebec made secondary education universal for French speakers instead of the elite privilege it had been. It established its own kind of junior college and broadened university admissions. The spread of education coincided with the spread of French-language radio and television; the combination brought rural and urban Quebec into a single culture.

These intellectual and nationalist forces of the Quiet Revolution joined with the forces of change that were at work in the Catholic church to liberalize the church in Quebec and make it a participant in the revolution. Paradoxically but inevitably, the new church lost its grip on public and private behavior, and the energies that used to go into religion were released into other channels.

One result of these changes in religion and education is the vitality of Quebec culture today. The films of Claude Jutra about Quebec life (*My Uncle Antoine, Kamouraska*) have won acclaim in the United States. The plays of Michel Tremblay, written in *joual*—the dialect of working-class Quebec—have been both critical and box-office hits in Montreal and have been transplanted successfully, in colloquial translation, to English-speaking Canada. Singers like Pauline Julien and Gilles Vigneault and comedians like Marc Favreau and Yvon Deschamps put Québecois events and idioms and varying degrees of sardonic nationalism into their works, thereby evoking an audience response that only rock stars get in the United States.

The changes in religion and education also produced a sexual revolution that has shaken Quebec free of its Jansenist heritage. The Pill freed housewives from the custom of bearing ten children in eleven years. It also allowed younger women, some apolitical and some highly political, to make Montreal "more swinging than Stockholm." This transformation is applauded not only by the young but also by middle-aged men in the corridors of power, even as it is deplored by Catholic thinkers.

The cultural and sexual transformations underline the fact that Quebec cannot escape from North America. The prevailing pattern is the same as in English-speaking Canada: vast American influence on everything from frozen food to television talk shows. France will always be an important intellectual influence, but it is significant that people in half a dozen professions told me how much more at home they feel traveling in the United States than in France.

Guy Rocher, a sociologist at the University of Montreal, believes that Quebec's intellectual elite also must become more involved with the United States. He thinks this is the way to close the gap between the elite and the masses—as essential as the old unification of urban and rural if Quebec culture is to survive. Only if the intellectuals learn how U.S. culture works, how to appreciate it, and how to criticize it, Rocher thinks, can Quebec achieve true cultural autonomy —a culture that is both original and North American. Otherwise, in his view, Quebec will become uncritically Americanized, a French-speaking parody of the United States, a northern Louisiana.

Rocher is a federalist. Separatists make two arguments against him: One is that cultural self-determination is possible only if it is based on political and economic self-determination. The other is that Quebec culture may disappear under the North American impact and at best have the same kind of influence that Yiddish culture has had in the United States. Some separatists, however, agree with Rocher and hope that Quebec will be a bridge between continents, "North American in its attitudes and technologies, European in its values."

Beyond its changes in education, religion, and culture, la Révolution Tranquille started the true economic development of Quebec. Lesage's major step was the nationalization of Quebec Hydro, the provincial electric power company. Hydro has since generated both electricity and money, according to decisions made by Québecois for Québecois. Last year it saved a big jump in Quebec's development, a proposed $6 billion hydroelectric project at James Bay, from drowning in a sea of politicians' fantasies.

Public sector companies in steel, minerals, forest products, and oil have a spottier record than does Hydro, but they keep the idea of change alive. High officials in the Bourassa administration, for example, are considering using the oil company as a way to compete with private industry in refining and marketing —perhaps with Arab financing. Favor-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able terms for foreign investment in Quebec were another Lesage innovation in the Quiet Revolution. So far, most of the investment has been American, reflecting not only the predilections of U.S. finance but also the feeling of many Québecois that if they must go "outside" for capital, better Wall Street than Toronto's Bay Street.

Foreign investment has helped Quebec's gross product to grow respectably, from $18.2 billion in 1968 to $25 billion in 1972. This year, indicators like the unemployment and investment rates are improving faster than those for Canada as a whole, but the province still lags behind the nation. None of the Quiet Revolution governments have found a way to end Quebec's dependence on resource industries, like pulp and paper, and on labor-intensive industries, like textiles.

Perhaps because it still ranks as one of Canada's poor provinces, Quebec has been a leader in the continuing struggle between the provinces and Ottawa over welfare programs, from unemployment benefits to medical care to family allowances. It won the first battle in that war in 1966, over the establishment of a universal pension plan. The result was the Caisse de Dépôt et Placement ("Deposit and Investment Fund"), which now has nearly $2 billion in assets and $1 million coming in every day. It puts employer, employee, and state contributions together to earn interest and be reinvested—just what U.S. social security does not do.

That victory over Ottawa was one way the Quiet Revolution gave French Canada new weight in dealing with English Canada, but it was not a way that appealed to Pierre Trudeau. Since he became prime minister in 1968, Ottawa and the provinces—including Quebec—have not been able to reach further agreements on the financing of "social affairs." Trudeau believes in strong central government and hates all forms of narrow nationalism, including Quebec's. He believes that Canada can cure Quebec's ills, if both sides really want it to.

That is why Trudeau has given French Canadians more and more jobs previously held by English speakers—cabinet ministries and policy-making posts, such as ambassador to the United States. He has also pledged to make the federal civil service truly bilingual and has cornered the parliamentary support of all four federal political parties for the effort. Many Québecois take seriously these indirect results of the Quiet Revolution.

Provincial premier—Robert Bourassa "opposes further transformation."

But after five years of effort, few English-speaking civil servants have become truly able to function in French. As a result, French speakers, who are the real bilinguals, still must work in English. The designation of certain units in different departments as French speaking creates both political and administrative problems. Voter reaction against Trudeau's bilingualism program helped lose him seats in last year's parliamentary election, which reduced him from majority to minority government.

Trudeau's losses and the role that bilingualism and anti-French feeling played in them reinforced the feeling of isolation that many Québecois have. The economics of language also reinforces the sense of isolation. Whether they think Trudeau is a hero or a fraud, whether they think Quebec is a paragon of economic growth or a travesty of provincial poverty, many Québecois besides separatists believe that bilingualism in Canada is not the crucial issue. What is important to them is the fact that money still "speaks English" in Quebec.

There are 4.9 million people in Quebec whose mother tongue is French and only 788,000 whose mother tongue is English. (Another 371,000 have other first languages.) The majority of workers, however, speak French only in low-level jobs paying under $6000 a year and requiring less than eight years of school. English is dominant in jobs paying $13,000 to $20,000 a year and requiring at least a high school education, according to a government commission that spent four years examining the economics of language.

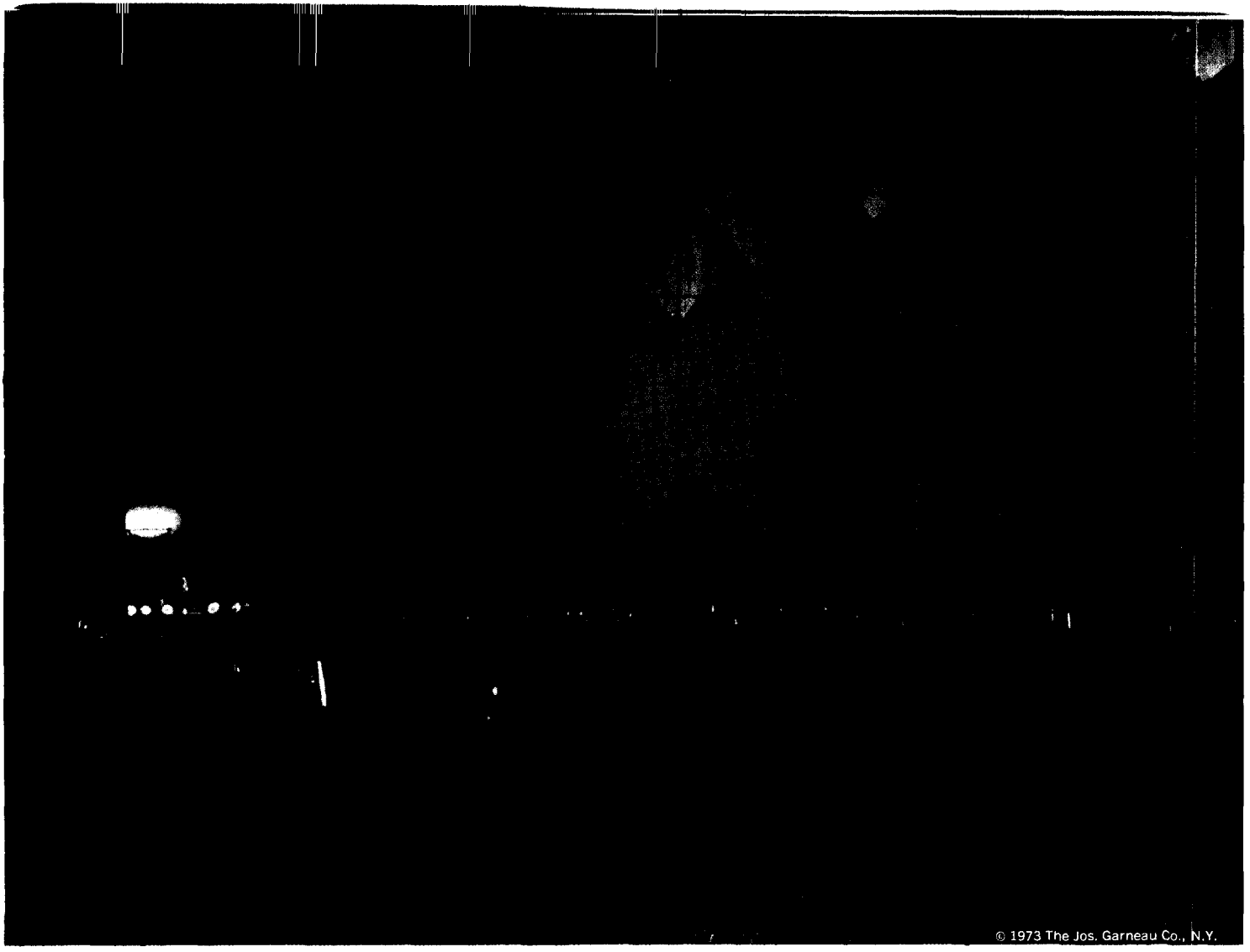
Other signs of the economic dominance of English:

- In large national corporations headquartered in Montreal, there are three English speakers for every French speaker at the $10,000 to $15,000 salary level. The proportion is four to one at the $15,000 to $22,000 level and six to one above $22,000.
- In factories, 55 percent of French-speaking workers use English on the job, not French. The figures are 57 percent for foremen and 65 percent for middle-level management. "Orders are given in English to be executed in French," a union leader said. "The more eager a guy is, the more he resents it."
- Nine out of ten recent immigrants to Montreal have chosen English rather than French schools for their children, directing them toward the language in which they can make money faster.

The commission discovered hundreds of facts like these, showing the economic disadvantages of French. Although the commission issued scores of recommendations, in the militants' eyes it committed two unforgivable sins. It recommended that French be Quebec's only "official" language but that both French and English be "national" languages, insulting the national pride of la Révolution Tranquille. And it recommended the continuation for three more years of a controversial law that allows parents to decide whether to send their children to English or French schools. (Montreal has a Protestant school system, predominantly English, and a Catholic school system, predominantly French. Jews go to Protestant—i.e., English schools.) It was passed in 1969 after Italians in a Montreal suburb rioted against a plan to send their children to French schools—a position reversed by Quebec's Federation of Italian Associations this past March.

The government commission did urge business, for instance, to hire enough French-speaking executives to make up 10 to 20 percent of management in ten years. Many companies are already doing that. More and more French speakers are studying business administration,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How the war was lost but the wine was won

Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.

But, all was not lost.

Before the English evacuated Bordeaux, they made sure they "liberated" all the fine wines maturing in the casks at Chateau D'Issan.

Today, the Chateau is occupied by the Cruse family. And the velvety red wine that bears their name is still worth fighting for. It is a unique wine, made from grapes that grow well in the gravelly soil dating back to a stone age river bed.

Most of the Cruse wines, including the superb Chateau D'Issan, are available in America.

And, as the English found out in 1453, they travel very well.

Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

Cruse

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNILOGIC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1973, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac.

At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is intrigued by the distilling of brandy.

By 1728, 27,000 barrels of cognac have been exported.

That was 243 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of the House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Martell. Taste history.

☆☆☆—V.S.O.P.—CORDON BLEU.
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING COGNACS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though they still prefer the French-speaking government and public sector to private enterprise. More and more young professional Québecois are achieving success in both French and English without abandoning their cultural values or their mother tongue. They are seldom separatists, and in this battle they have such disparate allies as the Parti Québecois and the Catholic intellectuals, the left-wing schoolteachers and the right-wing shopkeepers.

Jean-Paul Desbiens *(Frère Untel)* explained their passion to me: "Language here is our last frontier, our last protection. Language is the ultimate and richest symbol of our identity. If a collective loses its identity, each individual in it continues to exist; the collective does not."

Language militants, of course, do not want to wait the ten or fifteen years that gradualists think necessary. They are prepared to strike, to pass laws, or take other actions that will put French on top faster in the schools, at the workbench, and in company management.

The language militants thus resemble the political radicals who combine elements of the Quiet Revolution, separatism, and the violence that is a recurring political metaphor in Quebec. The radicals whom the outside world remembers are the terrorists who put bombs in mailboxes in 1963 and murdered Cabinet Minister Pierre Laporte in 1970, all in the name of separatism. More significant today are radicals like the trade-union leaders—three of them serving jail sentences for their role in a general strike last year—who have adopted a Marxist rhetoric and a vengeful attitude toward the Bourassa government.

Terrorism, however, is asleep if not dead in Quebec today. Some terrorists are in jail, some have shut up, and some have changed their minds, like Pierre Vallières, the ideologue of terrorism who wrote a book describing French Canadians as "white niggers of America."

Vallières renounced violence in 1971, joined the Parti Québecois, and was acquitted or given suspended sentences on a variety of charges from his terrorist days. He still believes that independence and socialism are inseparable for Quebec, but he told the Montreal writer Ann Charney, "What sets me apart from the so-called radical Left is that I'm not interested in an official ideology or a systematic theory of reality. We're pragmatists here. That's what makes us North American in Quebec and not European."

Separatist leader—René Levesque has prevailed with pragmatic policy.

Pragmatism was certainly the keynote of the Parti Québecois convention in February. This party adopted a moderate program at the insistence of party leader René Levesque and struck skeptical newsmen as a healthy organism. The program calls for independence by parliamentary action if the PQ wins a majority, to be followed by a referendum on a new constitution.

The convention called for nationalization of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with compensation, but rejected a proposal to nationalize Bell Telephone of Canada. On Levesque's insistence, it reversed its one radical act, a call for "workers' committees" to control factories and businesses. Foreign ownership would be forbidden in certain economic sectors, limited in others, but allowed to rise to 99 percent in fields dependent on foreign markets or where Quebec could not compete on its own. English-language schools and universities would be guaranteed by the state, with enrollments frozen at the level of a postindependence census.

Levesque expects to negotiate the details of independence with Ottawa, including institutions for economic cooperation that would give the lie to claims that independence would slice Quebec's living standards by a third. The PQ would also seek a three-party pact to replace the present two-party agreement governing the Saint Lawrence Seaway. The PQ leaders see no insuperable problems with the United States.

Ottawa may be another story. When newsmen asked Trudeau if he would use force to prevent independence for Quebec, he said it was too hypothetical a question to deserve an answer. It may be significant that many Québecois who oppose secession, including some English speakers, still expect the PQ to be able to negotiate independence successfully if it ever wins a majority.

That would also guarantee the continuation of the Quiet Revolution. Levesque is the only one of Quebec's four party leaders likely to give new life to the process of transformation.

Even so, Premier Robert Bourassa and the Liberal party are the favorites in the 1974 election. They have a good record on economic growth and some appeal on social welfare. The party is establishment minded, financed by big business, and supported by English speakers. It therefore opposes the further transformation of Quebec. But these same interests provide political strength, which Bourassa hopes to combine with Quebec's traditional loyalty to the Liberals and traditional fear of separatism.

Another kind of opposition to both separatism and the transformation of Quebec comes from the Social Credit movement, reviving here as it dies in the west, where it was born. Its new leader, Yvon Dupuis, is often compared with George Wallace. Dupuis is opposed to the Pill, to disrespect for authority, to radical schoolteachers, and to consolidated schools that require students to travel long distances from home—all products of the Quiet Revolution.

The Parti Québecois won 24 percent of the popular vote in 1970, compared with 45 percent for the Liberals. Many observers expect the PQ to make gains as the party of reform. But if it cannot add more than five points to its popular-vote percentage and enough parliamentary seats to replace the fading Union Nationale party as the official opposition, its momentum will halt, and many observers think that will be enough to send it into a permanent decline. One result might be a revival of violent separatism. Another might be new strength for Dupuis's right-wing populism. Either one would inaugurate a new stage in the continuing transformation of Quebec. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ONCE-WHIRLING OTHEI

By Stephen Koch

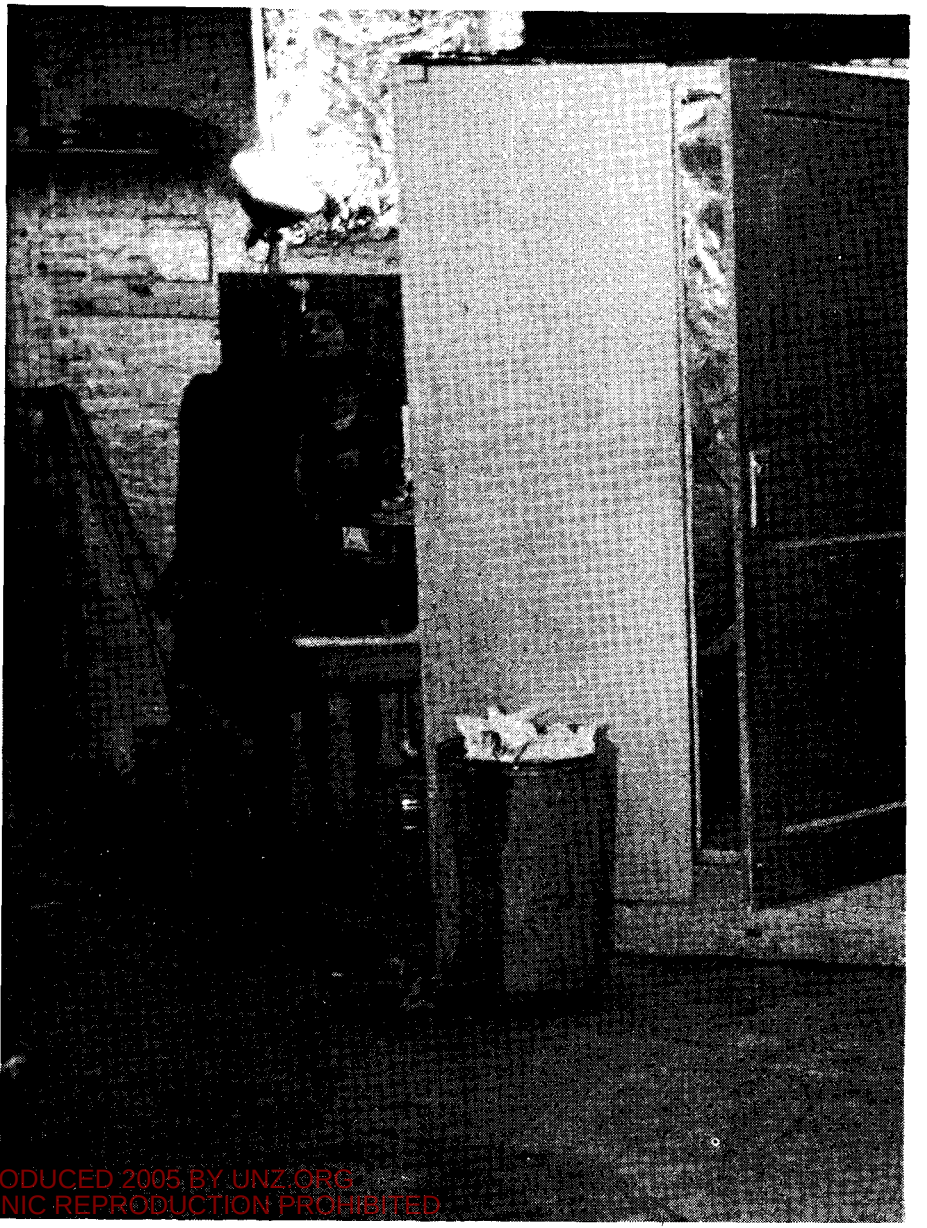
I think we're a vacuum here in the Factory. It's great.

Andy Warhol's "old" Factory on Forty-seventh Street is gone now; the capital of Sixties chic has been closed down for quite some time. The five-foot plastic candy bars, the walls covered with silver paper, the crowds of glamour mingling with the street freaks: Gone. There in the Factory, Warhol presided over the decade's pop culture and made his name a synonym for celebrity; there he invented the very word *superstar*. It was to the Factory that the Lance Louds of the Sixties ran; it was in the Factory that the high chic of a low decade preened; it was in the Factory that the strangest street culture even New York could summon up from beyond the pale became famous. That vast, L-shaped room was the decade's very image.

And it was a powerful image, powerful because it touched something real, however willfully bizarre it might be. Around Warhol was an entourage of outcasts basking in the light of his fame: The speed freaks, the street geniuses, the fashion models with faces like Nefertiti's, the beautiful boys, and the slinking, whining girls—all crept out of society's secret places to suddenly find themselves "in." Above all, they were "in" the light of fame—Warhol's fame. And in that light they developed a weird power. They were an image of isolation redeemed.

At the height of the Scene, the Factory was actually well organized into a social universe made up of concentric circles. At dead center was the pale sun of Warhol himself, immediately flanked by the two men who did the Factory's daily work. Most conspicuous was Gerard Malanga, the hyped, endlessly talkative golden boy of the art world. With his superb, arching Italian face and omnipresent, gate-crashing voice, he served as combination errand boy and superstar. For years, I'd guess, Malanga attended five parties a night, either at Warhol's side or as his alter ego ("If not Andy, at *least* Gerard"). There was also Billy Linich (who restyled himself Billy Name), another torrentially verbal young man who, after a life on the streets, actually designed the Factory (the silver idea was his) and did most of its work.

At the next remove in this little solar system—the orbit of Venus, I suppose—were the women who bathed in the light of ultrahip. Thanks to chic or money or beauty or luck, these feminine mainstays —Baby Jane Holzer in 1964, Edie Sedgwick in 1965 and 1966, Tiger Morse in 1967, Viva (Susan Hoffmann) in 1968—got as close to the pale sun as any woman could before drifting into an outer darkness that was at times very black indeed (Edie Sedgwick died of a barbiturate overdose in late 1971). Around these people revolved (in tiny epicycles) lovers, friends, connections, and sycophants. In the next circle were the superstars, art collectors, models, beautiful people, and hangers-on who, though not "*very* close" with *Andy*, were still part of the entourage, making their entrances and exits with him at the right places and at the right times. Just beyond this circle was a Van Allen belt of media—the fashion photographers, the nightly news teams, the gossip columnists, the magazine interviewers. Within this sublime circle one could hope for fame, and so admission was not easy. But outside it were Warhol's intellectual and practical allies: Jonas Mekas, Henry Geldzahler, Leo Castelli, Ivan Karp—dealers, theorists, "important" admirers. Finally, in Plutonian outer circles drifted people who'd only just got in the door: the curious, the bewildered, the amphetamine addicts looking for a drop, the homosexuals visiting a capital of homosexual



From Star Gazer: Andy Warhol's World and His Films *by Stephen Koch. Published by Praeger.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD OF ANDY WARHOL

glamour, the kids on the lam, the intellectuals trying to understand it all. They were not quite in outer darkness, but almost. Of course the brighter stars frequently flickered and fell. "No one can get too much power, be a star for too long," recalls one who was there. When Warhol arrived at the Factory (it was his studio; he did not live there), usually in the late afternoon, the whole house of cards might tumble if he didn't smile his "Oh, hi," as he drifted by.

For Warhol is among the great masters of passive power. Although it proclaimed its independence at every opportunity, the youth culture of the Sixties was by and large composed of very dependent people who couldn't bear to face that fact."Oh, *Andy,* of *course* I know *Andy*." In his passive presence, security and recognition seemed to make no demands. Warhol dominated all, while seeming merely to look on. Sweetly and shyly, in the language of a five year old, he could make or break at will. As with a monarch, proximity to the famous presence was everything. And just as Warhol could bestow that presence, he could also take it away.

Put it this way: Warhol became famous by ceasing to be a person and becoming instead a presence. He became a phenomenon; the phenomenon Andy Warhol, who in his muteness and passivity seemed to be a being without needs. One gazed at that liberation, weirdly fascinated. "I still care about people," he said, "but it would be so much easier not to care. . . . It's too hard to care. I don't want to get too close . . . . and I don't really believe in love."

That lays it on the line. At the center of the Factory was an innocent wickedness that didn't really believe in love. For a time, Warhol and Malanga went everywhere in black leather jackets and high boots, the whole silly rigmarole of sadomasochism. That violent look, that steady hint of unspeakable practices, was central to their chic. The phenomena of sadomasochism and chic so often occur together that the link seems almost traditional, traceable throughout the history of style for at least 100 years. Their conjunction has something to do with the nasty, exploitative games supposedly played by the rich, bored, decadent leisure class, with the frigidity of narcissism, with the notion of a Satanic elite. It combines preciosity and brutality, just as psychologically, sadomasochism so often combines cruelty with sentimentality. S-M is theatrical sex par excellence, simultaneously superficial and intense, and that is ideally suited to chic. Whatever the link, the Sixties certainly went in for it in a big way, from Warhol to the Rolling Stones.

I suspect the Factory's theatrical sex somehow struck, for many people, that nerve of fear that fascinates and awakened a shock that feels like a presentiment of things to come. The Factory played its Satanism with style, well enough to look like the decadence of the culture itself. This makes it all the more strange to chat with these dire satanists now: Ronald Tavel, the playwright and scenarist, his hair tied in an Indian headband, speaking quietly in an elegantly considered, faintly academic manner; Ondine, the most brilliant and vituperative of the superstars, his volatility modified by a peculiarly impressive ethic of honesty and intensity; and Warhol himself, with his childlike charm. One wonders, Was it *all* illusion? Perhaps this society saw in the Factory nothing but itself—distorted as if seen in the curved mirror that now greets you outside the elevator in Warhol's new, elegant quarters in Union Square.

A SNAPSHOT: It is 1966. The elevator struggles to the fourth floor, and the silver door is pushed open. In the mid-

Photographs: Stephen Shore

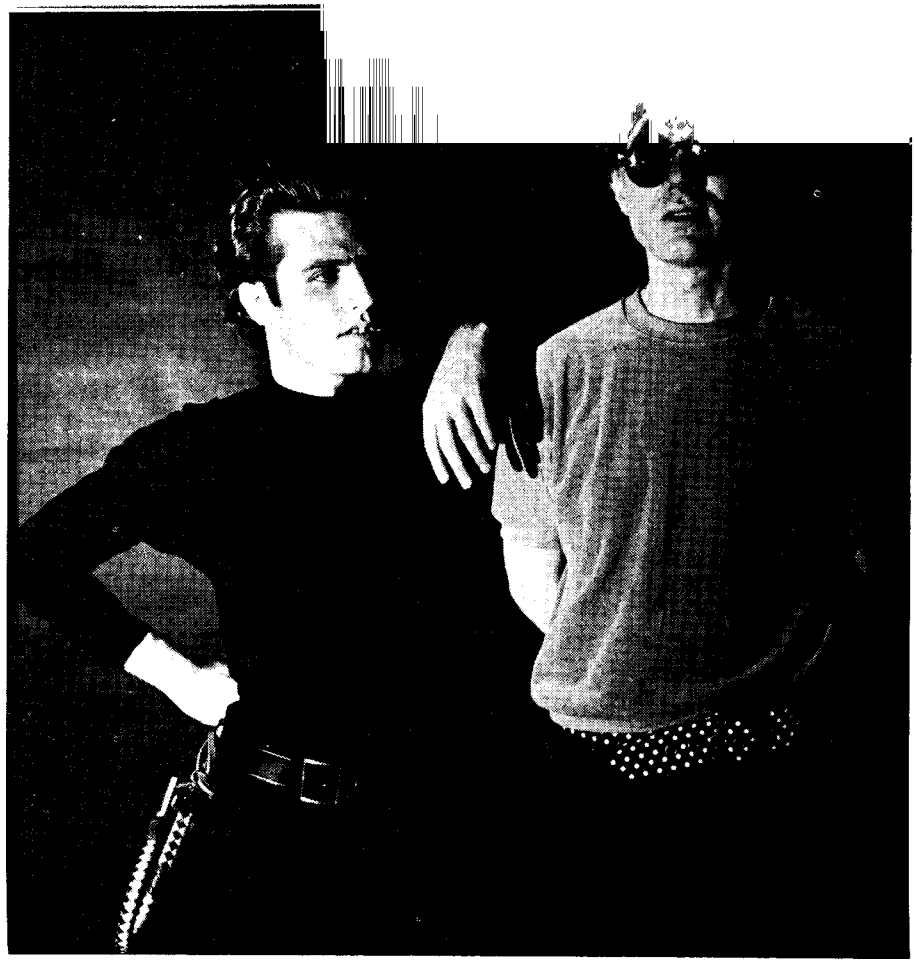
(Center) Andy Warhol in the Factory —"He was the mirror of the Sixties; his little world was its microcosm."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dle of the big room, Edie Sedgwick sits on a huge, quilted red couch. Her face and eyes warm but sharp, she smokes a cigarette, sips a Pepsi. People stand conspicuously in clumps around the room, and the whole place resonates with Callas in *Traviata*. In one corner two goofy-looking girls taunt a young man in blue denim, a hustler not yet sure where he is, his foursquare face bewildered. Around the turn of the L-shaped space, Warhol sits on an old trunk, watching one of his own films. Chewing his gum, he stares at the nearby unchanging image. One hand lightly lifted toward his chin, his fingers trailing on his skin, he seems utterly self-contained, at peace, "a Buddhist who has achieved the desired transcendent state," as Tavel has described Warhol watching his own films.

Caterers arrive. A rock band emerges from the elevator and begins to set up their instruments. There is to be a party. A party. During the mid-Sixties it was fashionable for the more hip art galleries to throw a newer and evermore extravagant bash for each opening. The entertainment tabs at Castelli and Pace galleries must have come close to the prices of the paintings. A huge loft space would be thronged with many hundreds of people; pop records, played at a deafening decibel level, were alternated with a live band amplified to speaker-ripping intensity. In the "environment" thus "totalized," conspicuously beautiful people preened as one had hardly even fantasized preening; they were all part of a heaving throng of flesh, dense as an orgy or the subway at rush hour. The parties at the Factory (*crème de la crème*) grew progressively grander: Baby Jane Holzer and Ethel Scull, poor lightweights, gave way to real *stars*—at last the *stars!*—mingling with the street freaks and Warhol superstars. Jonas Mekas remembers Judy Garland and Josef Von Sternberg, engulfed with Tennessee Williams in the crowd, which had eyes for none but those with Factory glamour—Ingrid Superstar, Mario Montez, Ondine—whose faces Garland could not quite place. Montgomery Clift was leaning against one of the silver walls as the beautiful people swept by not noticing.

Absurdly enough, those irresistible and grotesque parties stick in my mind as the image of what the decade was all about. Those jangling, throbbing lofts were nothing but theaters for their own ebullience. Like Warhol himself, they were the merest images of themselves. The crush of people witnessed themselves in the blackness, dancing beneath strobe lights that made them inhabit space anew, transporting them into a flashing new medium of existence, where every twist of the hand, turn of the thigh, toss of the head seemed touched by the magical grace of a new, perfected *otherness*.



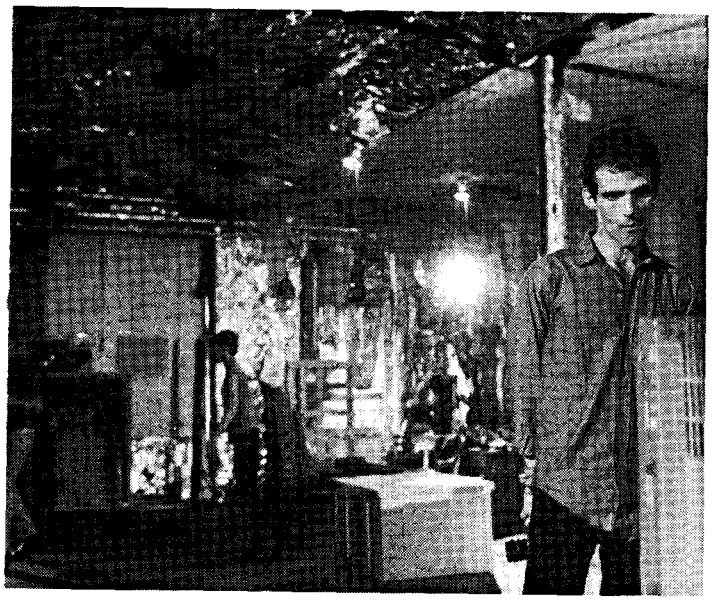
Gerard Malanga with Andy—"That steady hint of unspeakable practices."

THE STORY OF Billy Linich is a little grim. Those who dislike him concede that he is "clever"; others say he is "absolutely brilliant." Coming from the streets, he was the Factory's answer man and stage manager. Perfervid with amphetamine intensity, he was forever tinkering with the silver box, making the place work, endowing it with its strange anti-energy. Linich was, and is, a mystic, much concerned with Alice Bailey, Helena Blavatsky, Theosophy, and the rest. That much was standard drug cultism, but still it is striking. For at times it seemed that the Factory denizens supposed they had all been touched by a purely secular, yet transforming, grace. Almost every major Factory protagonist was a refugee from that Catholic Childhood we've heard so much about: Warhol himself (still a practicing Catholic), Linich, Malanga, Ondine, Brigid Polk, Viva, Paul Morrissey. The list could get very long.

This sheds new light on the place's libertarian style, the theatrically decadent sex, the silver-covered walls, the helium-filled silver pillows. The Factory became The Great Good Place for the children of an ideology dominated by *petit bourgeois* sexual repression, by a hypocritical *contemptus mundi*, and by a preoccupation with the miracles of grace. The Factory was a region for resolving these dilemmas, another world.

Warhol was protagonist in the social drama that tried to make the American Sixties look like another age of innocence. A childlike, gum-chewing naïveté inflects his visions of electric chairs and ripped bodies with an almost babyish, esthetic anodyne. *Oh gee!* As with the classic decadent, his esthetics are a narcotic to a sense of damnation; but unlike the decadent, he shunts aside the rarefied pleasures of connoisseurship for the chintzy joys of American naïveté. In the narcissism of the Sixties, in the decade's supposed liberation of energy, and in those disastrously simple resolutions of ethical dilemmas that only innocence—call it ignorance—can propose, Warhol discovered his ethical world. In the smoky mirror of a Catholic sense of damnation, he reflected them in ways that sometimes touch the profound,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Billy Linich—"Perfervid with amphetamine intensity."

Ondine—"The most vituperative of the superstars."

where innocence and viciousness, energy and enervation, life forces and their opposites, become indistinguishable.

These are not simple matters: The hinge of redemption is death. And so is Warhol's theme finally death. He is an artist whose glamour is rooted in despair, meditation on the flesh, the murderous passage of time, the obliteration of self, the unworkability of everyday living. As against them, he proposes the mystique of the star. Show-biz and metaphysics merge. As in the cult of James Dean or Marilyn Monroe, the obsession is underwritten by a romantic, necrophilic myth, which partly explains Warhol's interest in film. Warhol is obsessed by his own ironic sense of cinematic presence.

One of the people who invented that presence, Ondine, speaks of it now: "Your brain seems to be apparent when you're on camera. It seems as if . . . when you look at yourself on the screen . . . it seems as if your brain is working. Like to me, I can tell what people are thinking by what they look like on the screen. *Not exactly what they're thinking, but what their next moves are going to be, what they're going to do.*"

If this is a description of cinematic presence, it is also a description of something like a state of grace—that illumination in which the *way* is revealed. Perhaps the Factory's concern with style, its preoccupation with beauty, glamour, lust, chic, and presence itself, are corny but absorbing modern models for the redemption of feeling chosen, for the light touch of absolute rightness in a loveless world. Ondine adds: "I know what you mean by the way the performances on the screen come in and out of focus. Sometimes it's there and other times you feel the lack of it. It's like all of a sudden there's a great presence that's missing, and then it's there again."

At its height—late '65 and early '66—the same sense of a magical presence hovered over the Factory itself. "At that point in my life," Ondine says, "in everybody's life, that was the culmination of the Sixties. What a year. Oh, it was splendid. Everything was gold, everything. Every color was gold. It was just fabulous. It was complete freedom. Any time I went to the Factory, it was the right time. Any time I went home, it was right. Everybody was together; it was the end of an era. That was the end of the amphetamine scene; it was the last time amphetamine really was good. And we used it. We really played it."

THE SIXTIES CREATED the Factory, and the Sixties killed it dead. Warhol stood at the center of his time, passive and mute; he was the mirror of the decade, and his little world was its microcosm. Utterly absorbed and utterly disinterested, he had a near-Satanic power to make its casual hysteria cohere, signify, and become visible. Although he was central to that world, he stood apart from it. Between his bizarre, isolated integrity and the throng, there was a kind of space: It was the space of the mirror. Warhol's responsibilities were the mirror's responsibilities; his replies, the mirror's replies. A man had transformed himself into a phenomenon; one looked into him and saw—a scene. As the word suggests, the scene was theater—theater lived for real, though just unreal enough so the dangers of living seemed to go away. The grace of art and fame and sex and money seemed to be everywhere: A shabby world seemed redeemed, and in Warhol's mirror image and object interchanged somehow, both vanishing into the sparkling light.

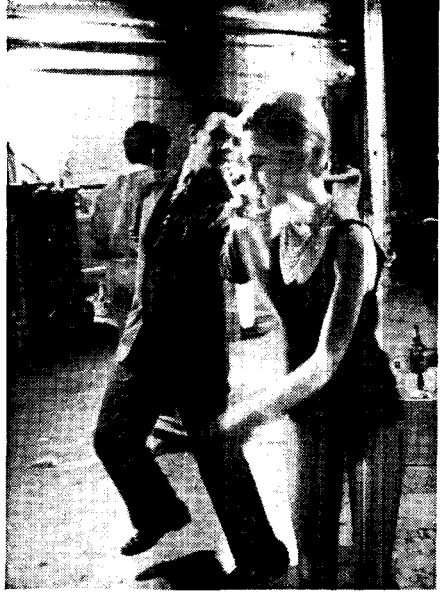
But as the Sixties began to fall apart, that sparkle began to glare. For one thing, despite youth, drugs, art, beauty, chic—all of it—the precious Aquarian age of innocence turned out to be another self-flattering lie. Perhaps if people had looked closely in the mirror, they would have seen that. But most had to discover it on their own. Beyond the bubbling infantilism, the disorientation, the carelessness, there was terror and rage and despair. The media found its touchstone for this turn in youth-culture events in Altamont and the Manson murders. But how many hundreds of thousands—the youth bloom just a touch faded—discovered it in small rooms with peeling paint rather than beneath the TV lights? Was Warhol's deathly pallor once fascinating? It is less so on the faces of the shipwrecked creatures now wandering the streets of the flower children. One hears less about mind blowing these days in New York, where it is difficult to walk ten blocks without seeing somebody (usually black) who is insane, who is literally raving. Intellectual folk heroes

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stumbled from the limelight, their theories seedy to the point of embarrassment and contempt. The drug scene has lost its glamour, to say the least. The final shock: Innocence Sixties style is expensive. The saints need cash.

GIVEN THE CRISES of maturity, this aspect of Sixties culture tried to defeat time by transforming it into a single all-giving, all-perfect moment. The scarcely inconsiderable forces of art, drugs, beauty, glamour, talk, youthful energy, style, and mysticism were enlisted in the effort; and for a while it seemed almost to work. Warhol, it seems to me, understood that effort with an intuitive profundity second to no one else's. In spite of it all Time took the hand. As usual. Even in the Factory.

It was the special destiny of the Factory to make the underground visible. When that process was completed, the show was over. Warhol himself had no place to turn, or so it seemed. Then in 1968, Valerie Solanis, one of the many wretched who had found a brief moment of self-esteem by hanging on at the Factory, walked in, pulled out a revolver, and tried to murder him. Warhol barely survived. He was hospitalized for many months; and when he emerged, the old scene was finished. Warhol stopped living in public. The wit of the old subterranean decadence gave way before the more familiar American ethic of young men in a hurry, of people rapturously impressed by how slick and ambitious and heartless they could be, thinking every minute of every day about winners and losers. Heads began to fall: Warhol had surrounded himself with brilliant and extraordinary people who seemed otherwise beyond the pale—Ondine, Tavel, Brigid Polk, Mary Woronov, Ingrid Superstar, Billy Linich—who, after 1968, defected or were eliminated one by one. "Warhol had been told," Ondine says, "that commercialism means you can't bother with the freaks any more. You have tintypes. Whatever sound somebody did originally, well—you can duplicate it." Tavel is bewildered: "I don't know what it is, because the new films look to me inauthentic. They look like mockeries—commercializations and mockeries." Admittance to the "new" Factory began to be difficult; the gaze of the "new" people could make a stranger writhe. The entourage was replaced with reliable, presentable employees. Then the impossible happened: Malanga was fired. Only Linich remained.



Edie Sedgwick—"Bathed in the light of ultrahip."

Linich held out for three years, holed up in a storeroom in back of a new, sleek set of business offices called the "new" Factory, which Warhol had rented, shortly before the murder attempt, as the home office for Andy Warhol Films, Incorporated. "Billy couldn't come out with those mediocrities," Ondine recalls. "When they moved to the new place, the only part of the Factory that was the old Factory was Billy Linich's back room. The old world was really up there. It was painted black and silver, and Billy had tapes. He had his whole number going on. Outside was this . . . this . . ." Ondine searches for the word, "this *Juilliard*."

Linich's isolation grew more and more complete. "He read continuously . . . Alice Bailey . . . He read her books in the back room in black light, so the pages jumped. He was taken to the hospital with retinal colic at one point. His eyes turned something all yellow, and all the while he was getting scabs on his face, and his fingernails were growing." Ondine pauses. "There was some kind of fire going on in Billy's brain. And Warhol's lack of interest in Billy triggered it off to such an extent that Billy couldn't come out of the back room . . . . I wouldn't say he was exactly crazy, but he was in touch with something so spiritual that most people would be frightened by it."

At last a note was found in the back room. "I am all right. Good-by." It was the definitive end. Linich now lives in Los Angeles; his connection with the Factory is entirely severed, one gathers, much to Warhol's regret. "He was so loyal to that man," Ondine concludes. "Three years he waited in the back room for somebody. And nobody was there. Andy Warhol was no longer there. He had gone somewhere else."

WARHOL IS A MAJOR ARTIST whose social role and art are inseparable, who for ten years diffracted the phenomena of his time into an estheticism that made him an exemplary modern antihero. Yet that role now seems invested with something almost admonitory. At the core of the passivity, the chic, the lack of affect, at the center of the extraordinarily interesting thing he did with the incapacity to love or to connect or to believe, lay a profound doubt about the very value of living. It was *that* which set him apart; from *that* the mirror of his presence acquired its hypnotic allure. At a certain point that doubt becomes a despair profound enough to become precisely what is meant by decadence. Warhol's entire career can be understood as an attempt to redeem that despair without belying it; that was perhaps the message in the deepest regions of the mirror. But if this is so and Warhol knew it, he knew it with an intuitiveness that never threatened this astonishingly passive man's astonishing capacity to act. Knowing it, he kept silent, as always. That was the basis of his cool. It took a while—it took Time—for those who rushed in to see themselves reflected in his pale light to discover the precise message. For Warhol himself, it took a moment when the elevator doors opened one day. He looked up to see one of the minor members of his entourage standing before him with a trembling face and crazy eyes. He said "Oh, no" just once, and then Valerie Solanis started to fire.

I can't feel anything against her. When you hurt another person, you never know how much it pains. Since I was shot, everything is such a dream to me. I don't know what anything is about. Like I don't know whether I'm alive or whether I died. I wasn't afraid before. And having been dead once, I shouldn't feel fear. But I am afraid. I don't understand why.

THE GREAT GOOD PLACE of the Sixties is gone. The remembered image—it is a false image, of course, but then the image was always false—is of a huge indoor festival of energy, innocence, and sex, of bright bodies under thirty preening over real or imagined strengths, as if they were in a state of grace. The scene I remember from seven years ago was an absorbed, disturbed, cheering audience to itself, and nobody could tell the dancer from the dance. But the cheering is over. A theatricalism has been betrayed, and it has died. The silver hall is empty. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTHING'S SACRED!

How's that for an editorial policy?

A magazine with that two-word editorial policy has two terrific advantages.

First, it enables the magazine to attract the best reporters and writers there are.

And second, it enables those writers to write some of the most outrageously brilliant stuff they've ever written.

Which is exactly what's happening at NEW TIMES, the brand new news magazine that will be published every other week, starting October 19 and will be, we can assure you, like nothing you've ever read.

In NEW TIMES you'll be reading the best group of writers ever gathered in one magazine at one time.

Jimmy Breslin, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Sara Davidson, Larry L. King, Studs Terkel, Nicholas von Hoffman, Murray Kempton, Pete Hamill, Dick Schaap, J. Anthony Lukas, Jack Newfield, Joan Barthel, F. Reid Buckley, Marshall Frady, Brock Brower, Nora Sayre, Thomas Thompson.

NEW TIMES will be published every other week. We won't cover the news in the traditional way, we won't summarize it or review it. Our writers will make sure that every time you read NEW TIMES you learn something you didn't know. They'll go out and dig up new news. And present it to you in words that jump off the page at you, words that are unexpected, revealing, full of insight. And irreverent.

We told our writers to turn out the kind of magazine they've always said they'd love to write for. We told them no individual, no institution, no idea was sacred. And not to worry about who or what they might offend.

So they're not worrying. With the result that a NEW TIMES look at Watergate might ask the question, "If Richard Nixon is kicked out of office, will he be eligible to collect unemployment insurance?" And when NEW TIMES takes an inside look at John Connally, it doesn't come out like a Connally press release. Instead, we tell you "Connally didn't smoke but he carried a cigarette lighter. He'd offer a light only to somebody who was very, very rich."

In short, NEW TIMES won't bore you. We'll avoid the obvious and focus instead on the stories and viewpoints you don't expect, the ones conventional journalists and conventional magazines never think of.

We'll cover whatever we know will interest you—politics, sports, consumerism, business, crime and the mob, labor, personalities, show business, art, architecture, science, medicine, daily living. There will be special newsletters that, in themselves, will be worth the price of admission. There will be articles dealing with issues of epic significance and pieces that stay light, because we're going to entertain you as well as inform you.

It all starts October 19, with Volume 1, Number 1. We'd like to enroll you as a Charter Subscriber right now, with a very tempting offer.

NEW TIMES on the newsstand will cost 60¢ an issue, $15.60 a year (26 issues). The regular subscription price will be $12 a year. With this offer you get it for half the regular subscription price—just $6 a year. A 50% saving.

So fill in the coupon and mail it to us right away. And we'll start sending you the first new news magazine to come along in 40 years. Right away.

NEW TIMES
The news magazine that's going to make news.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY CHARTER OFFER. SAVE $6.

Yes, I want to be a Charter Subscriber to NEW TIMES. Send me Volume 1, Number 1, plus 25 subsequent issues for only $6—half the regular subscription price of $12. I understand that, as a Charter Subscriber, I will receive the lowest possible prices on renewals and gift subscriptions and that I may cancel at any time, for any reason, and receive a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME LATER 6005

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: New Times
P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado 80302

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SUN ALSO SETS —ON BULLFIGHTING

Spain's ancient "fiesta" is in decline, and everyone involved in it is to blame.

By Roger M. Williams

Madrid

For the several hundredth year, the curious spectacle of Spanish bullfighting is in high season. At Pamplona, in the far north, the famed San Fermín festival has ended in a swirl of dust, booze, and blood, with a half-dozen daredevils trampled in the traditional charge of the bulls through the streets, several thousand tourists sated on wine and *tapas* (the imaginative Spanish hors d'oeuvres), and God knows how many sexual liaisons consummated. With the Pamplonans preoccupied with a general strike that gripped the town, San Fermín '73 was more than ever a tourist extravaganza.

The Pamplona festival illustrates only one of the problems that afflict *la fiesta de toros*. Tourism has debased bullfighting, to be sure, but the spectacle's most destructive cancers are home-grown. That is, they have been precipitated and nourished by the Spaniards themselves. If the *fiesta* is in fact at its lowest ebb in memory, as many experts and lay enthusiasts believe, almost everyone connected with it is to blame—*toreros*, promoters, bull breeders, and fans.

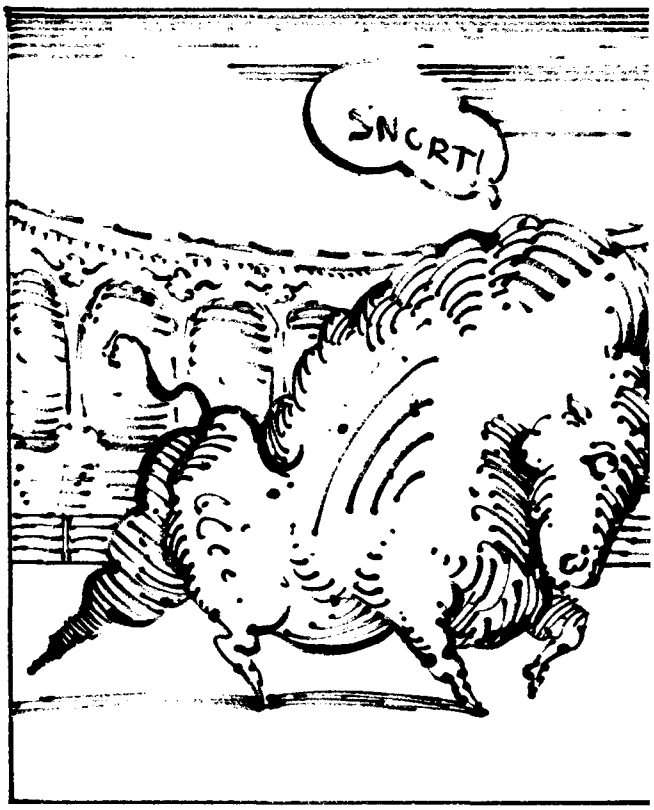
Only the bull is blameless. He is seldom the formidable opponent his ancestors were, but that is not his fault. The breeders have raised him in too soft a style; the *toreros* have plotted to see that he is fought too young, that his horns are shaved, that he is drugged or otherwise weakened; the promoters and managers have gone along with all this; so have the fans, at least those who remain fans. This undercutting of the fighting bull is central to the plight of the *fiesta*, for without a strong, brave bull the bullfight loses not only its grandeur and drama but the proper interaction of its parts and players as well. There really is no comparable situation in Anglo-Saxon sport or spectacle; the bull is the linchpin of the whole *corrida*, as the Spanish call an afternoon's program of fights.

Bullfighting has suffered a substantial shrinking of the *afición*, the hard core of knowledgeable, impassioned enthusiasts who attend fights regularly and really care what they see. No statistics are available, but in rings outside the prime tourist areas, attendance undeniably has been dropping. There are reasons for this that have no direct connection with the current state of the *fiesta*. Other spectator "sports," notably soccer, have taken strong hold of the Spanish public; when the Generalísimo's Cup match, the national soccer finals, was played here in June, 75,000 people —more than attend ten big bullfights nowadays—crammed the stadium, and for three days Madrid rocked with the noise created by partisans of the contending teams. Bullfights are often televised nationally, with additional news footage shown just before the weather girl, thereby creating unnumbered armchair *aficionados*, who can get all the bullfighting they want without going near a ring. (The vapidity of Spanish TV programming must stimulate this trend greatly.)

The principal cause of slumping attendance, however, is an apparently growing conviction among the Spanish that the *fiesta* is simply not important anymore. One has to seek out *aficionados* these days. Save for a two-block alley in Madrid's old quarter, where bullfight tickets are sold, there are hardly any bars or restaurants where the conversation is about the bulls and their killers; many establishments have bullfight posters or breeders' brands on the walls, but they are merely ersatz decor.

Among more than a dozen Spaniards —most of them business and professional people—whom I questioned about bullfighting, only one or two professed any current interest in the subject. They used to go to the fights, they said, but not anymore. Why not? Partly because of the drop in quality of the bull and, therefore, the *corrida*, but chiefly because it seems an anachronism, an embarrassment in modern Spain. "Ten years ago, I went every Sunday," said a politically prominent attorney in his mid-forties. "Now I never go. Bullfighting is a Middle Ages matter, not because of the blood, but because it's just out of date. Along with our government and our other backward ways of life, it should disappear.

"I think is it very bad for Prince Juan Carlos [the designated heir to Generalísimo Franco as head of state] to go to bullfights. He must represent the new



Ken Rinciari

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spain. If he's involved with flamenco, hunting, and bullfights, he's going to make the same impression as Franco.*

"As a lawyer, I see lots of people every day, and nobody ever mentions a bullfight. And the young generation, I think, is even less interested in it than my own. I have four children, all in their teens. They've never been to a bullfight, and they have no interest in going."

The *fiesta* has always drawn strong lines among intellectuals—with about as many against as for it—but it is now drawing class and economic lines too. The new wealth, the new managerial class that is propelling Spain, has scant time for, or interest in, bullfighting. And although the *fiesta* has political overtones—it is a stabilizing tradition that Franco and his supporters certainly relish**—I found little enthusiasm for it on any side of Spain's multifaceted political spectrum. "I think it is about dead," said Fernando Bolin, commercial director of a popular magazine and son of one of Franco's most trusted diplomatic envoys. "If it weren't for tourism, it *would* be dead." Bolin scoffed at the suggestion that the *fiesta* is part of the soul of Spain. "I don't care at all about it anymore. When our magazine publishes something on the *corrida,* it is funny—like a picador falling onto the bull—or critical."

Actually, the bullfight is now split into two well-defined parts—the regular fight and the tourist fight. The latter, like tourism itself, is flourishing as never before. More than 30 million foreign tourists now come to Spain each year, and a high percentage of them feel they must see at least one bullfight. As a result, there are more bull rings (*plazas de toros*) and bullfights than ever. New *plazas* actually are being built in the tourist-swamped Costa del Sol area. There and along the Costa Brava, a onetime British retreat now packed with vacationers from all over Western Europe, a ring may stage three or four *corridas* each week during the summer and draw capacity crowds to all of them.

The tourist fight is a special and somewhat predictable variation on the real thing. Because the money is good, tourist-area *plazas* attract their share of top *toreros,* to which they add the usual complement of third-raters, with a few foreign and other oddball fighters thrown in. There are usually a couple of Americans or Englishmen among the active *toreros;* now there is a Mozambican as well. There is also an American sailor and an American something else named Diego O'Bolger. Diego, fighting in the Costa del Sol rings, where zanies are well rewarded, had been given two ears in three *corridas* before being gored in Torremolinos in late June. (The goring was pronounced *grave,* which sounds worse than it is in the scale of bullfight wounds.)

The tourist fight is distinguished not so much by the bullfighters as by the way they fight and the way the crowd responds. It is a favorite stage for *adornos*—showy stunts like leaning an elbow on the bull's forehead or cocking an ear to its horn (*el teléfono,* much favored by the now-retired El Cordobés)—for the simple reason that the tourists are more impressed and entertained by them than by serious but far less flashy cape work.† The tourists also like to see lots of ears awarded; if there are no ears, they think the fights have not been good and may therefore feel cheated. So the tourist rings are lavish in handing out ears and tails (the next highest prize). In the beach

*The Generalísimo himself has been a dutiful, if questionably enthusiastic, *aficionado* during his thirty-four years in office. Now eighty-one and in obviously failing health, he makes one or two appearances a year in the presidential box at Las Ventas, one of the Madrid rings.

**And one his opponents often decry: On a poster I saw attacking religion and soccer as "opiates of the people," a third "opiate" was scrawled—*"la corrida de toros."*

†*Adornos* used sparingly can be tasteful and very dramatic. In Madrid's Vista Alegre ring, in the midst of an otherwise dreadful *corrida,* I saw a young fighter named Antonio Porras take a picador's lance, charge straight at the bull, and pole-vault over its horns. This is Porras's gimmick nowadays, but it is an old maneuver that is portrayed in a number of Francisco Goya's drawings.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town of Vinaroz, in June, the six *toreros* were awarded eleven of the possible twelve ears; six-ear afternoons are not out of the ordinary in any tourist ring, while half that number or fewer would be considered good results in the big-league *plazas* of Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Segovia, and so on.

Bullfighting's decline, therefore, cannot be measured in pesetas. The spectacle pays its participants at least as well as it ever has. The top *toreros* get up to 750,000 pesetas (about $18,000) for an afternoon's work of fighting and killing two bulls. Further, they get long-term contracts with promoters that guarantee them fights no matter how poorly they may have performed the previous week. You can bomb in Torremolinos and still play Valencia the following Sunday.

Some Spanish critics are claiming that tourism has ruined bullfighting, while others, more cynical, insist it has kept the spectacle alive. Actually, tourism has done neither. It has created a rich, new subindustry, the frivolous bullfight, but that has had little effect on the traditional *fiesta de toros*. Tourist money, of course, helps support the traditional fights, too (lines of Americans or Germans or Japanese, dutifully following their tour leader, can be seen trooping into any big ring in the summer), but economically as well as artistically the traditional fight is still a Spanish affair. It is the Spanish, therefore, who bear the responsibility for its decline. They have allowed the *corrida*'s delicate balance to be upset.

For decades now, the *torero* has had too much power, and he has got it at the expense of the bull. Bullfighters like small, docile bulls that do not learn quickly and that arrive at the *faena*, the climactic "act" of the fight, worn out and easy to control. Since young fighting bulls, a breed apart from the studs that mix with cows, make rapid progress in physical strength and intelligence with each passing year, it is to the bullfighter's advantage to get them young—before they are five years old and better yet, before they are four. Some critics say the era of the underage bull was ushered in by one of Spain's legendary *toreros*, Juan Belmonte, in the 1920s and '30s, in order to capitalize on Belmonte's electrifying, work-close-in style of fighting. Others say it began in the aftermath of the Spanish civil war, which disrupted bull breeding, necessitating the use of immature animals in the ring. In any event, the underage bull has been a fixture of the *corrida* for at least thirty years now, and the spectacle has been greatly diminished because of it.

Not content with having immature bulls, some *toreros* have worked to handicap them as well. The most widespread practice, often said to have begun with the famed Manolete, has been the "shaving" (blunting) of the horns; this not only reduces the bull's armament, but it also disturbs his sense of balance. (Ironically, Manolete died on the horns of a "shaved" bull in 1947.)

"For decades the *torero* has had too much power—at the expense of the bull."

Other favored measures are: drugging, extracting blood, beating the kidneys with sandbags, tampering with the hoofs (to reduce the animal's awesome speed afoot). Not coincidentally, this sort of tampering gained wide favor almost simultaneously with the appearance of a new power in the *fiesta*—the manager. Again, the villain is often said to be Manolete, who around 1940 hired a tough, shrewd manager named Camará, thereby introducing what bullfight critic Joaquín Vidal calls the "mercantile element" into the *fiesta*. According to Vidal, the manager, using high-pressure publicity tactics, turned bullfighting into "a very businesslike operation. What mattered from then on was how much money was in it. The *torero* became a figure in the hands of the manager."

Most of the breeders have capitulated to the demands for "easier" bulls. Nowadays all but a handful of breeders feed their animals artificially and make life generally easier for them (no more long trips to the watering hole, for instance). The result is bulls that look big and tough but are actually fat and weak. It is common to see bulls falling to their knees in the latter stages of a fight, and the trade press regularly carries reports of listless, unfightable bulls. (In a recent Madrid *corrida*, two animals were so "cowardly," as the Spanish call them, that they had to be led from the ring, an occurrence that would have prompted the breeder, were he Japanese, to commit hara-kiri.)

The introduction of the "easy," underage bull has produced detrimental changes in both the style and content of the *corrida*. The variety of passes with cape and *muleta* (the smaller red cloth used in the *faena* stage of the fight) has been greatly reduced. "Formerly the *torero* could use a pass only two or three times," says Vidal. "Then he had to change to another one, because the bull, being older and smarter, was figuring them out. Now all you see in the *faena* is *naturales*"—the basic pass, with the *muleta* held low and in one hand. One of the *aficionado*'s favorite maneuvers, the *quite* ("caping" the bull away from, and back to, the horse-mounted picador), has virtually disappeared, largely because the bull is not strong enough to withstand the three or four *picadas* (proddings) needed to set up good *quites*.

Most important, the "business bull," as Spaniards call it, has permitted the modern bullfighter to ignore the traditional injunction to *mandar*—control his adversary—and allowed him to substitute ballet, bathos, and cheap tricks instead. Bravery has become more important than skill, though it was never intended to be, and much of the bravery is bravado.

Several of the trends marking the *fiesta*'s decline converged in the handsome form of El Cordobés, who ruled as *número uno*, and made millions in the process, during the 1960s. A consummate showman with guts and basic bullfighting skills, he epitomized the bravado style. In one luminous moment several years ago, El Cordobés and the business bulls that made him were shown for what they were. At the climax of an El Cordobés fight in Madrid, a retired *torero* named Miguelin jumped into the ring in street clothes and proceeded to pass the *número uno*'s "fighting" bull with his bare hand. Spain's bullfighting press, then in one of its captive periods, criticized Miguelin for having brought shame to the *fiesta*.

Whatever his shortcomings, El Cordobés was a clear-cut *número uno*, and bullfighting always sinks into doldrums without a top attraction. "A number one now?" exclaims Fernando Bolin with a chuckle. "My God, we hardly have a number seven." Today's *toreros* are lumped in a pack, with only a handful who can claim any distinction. Perhaps the most interesting of these is an overweight man of fifty-two—twice the usual age of the bullfighter in his prime—named Antonio Bienvenida. A leading *torero* thirty years ago, Bienvenida is a fighter with style and artistry as well as courage. In the early 1950s, he spoke out against horn shaving and, as a result, was blacklisted. He made a comeback last year, and despite catcalls from the cheap seats and the press (*The New York Times* dubbed him "Fatso), he gave repeated if fitful displays of the true bullfighter's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLÉ IN SEGOVIA

I remember clearly the first bullfight I ever saw, in Barcelona fifteen years ago. The *plaza de toros* was packed; and pushing through the crowd, before I could even see the ring, I heard the *olés*. It was a thrilling sound: rhythmic and precise, yet lusty and so thunderous it virtually shook the concrete arena. In search of that sound—an Iberic roar of approval, not an insipid tourist ritual—and of the fading art of bullfighting, I drove from Madrid to Segovia one afternoon in late June.

My companion was J. P. "Pepe" Anderssen, a slim, middle-aged Spaniard, one of the legion who *used* to be an *aficionado*. Pepe remembers fights in his home town of Málaga—"hot, blue sky, girls with mantillas, wine from a crock with a spout on it"—but he hadn't been to one for twenty years. He is put off by today's weak bulls and the "cold, gray skies" he finds away from his native south.

The dusty old Segovia bull ring ("Looks like the ring of a country town," Pepe said) was framed by tall trees and red tile rooftops and a brilliant blue sky. We sat jammed together, our knees pressing the backs of the people in front of us. On the program were two *toreros* who are among today's most promising fighters: Palomo Linares and eighteen-year-old Pedro Moya, nicknamed "Niño de la Capea."

The first two fights, by Linares and Raul Aranda, were without distinction. Then Niño de la Capea stepped into the ring, looking too young to be there alone. His bull fidgeted nervously, but Niño smoothed him down with an excellent series of *verónicas,* the large, magenta-and-yellow cape swinging the animal slowly past his hips. Taking the smaller *muleta,* he ran off several fine *naturales,* bringing the bull tightly around him, demonstrating the control and slowed motion that bullfight fans savor. A second series of *naturales* brought the day's first loud, concerted shouts of *olé*. He did a third, preceded by a pass that turned his body in against the charging animal, and the crowd was on its feet, the *olés* rolling out of the small arena. Trying for the kill, Niño got the sword part-way in, leaving a half-dead bull wandering around the ring. Many good fights lose their momentum when this happens, but the youngster was lucky: The bull soon fell to its knees and died, and the crowd waved handkerchiefs, petitioning for an award of ears. The *corrida* president hesitated, then signaled for two ears —a generous award for a fight with a sloppy ending.

Linares's second bull was balky, but he coaxed a few good passes from it, killed deftly, and got an ear. Aranda's chased and almost caught him, bringing derisive whistles from the crowd. Niño de la Capea faced the last bull of the day, a 955-pounder who showed good instincts. When his *picador* bore down too hard with the lance, Niño signaled the president to end the picing prematurely; this was a good bull, and he didn't want it badly weakened. He began his *faena* with a slow, strutting approach to the animal, which resolved into a series of right-handed *naturales*. He followed with several old-style open-stance passes, leading the bull around his body, the last concluding pass turning the bull back on itself and thereby "fixing" it in place. "*¡Olé!*" Then came a stunning series: body straight and stiff as a Guardsman, *muleta* extended with two hands, bull rushing past the stationary figure to complete what is often called *la pase de la muerte,* "the pass of death." Niño did it majestically, moving only when the bull bumped him on the way through its charge. The crowd was standing again, trailing each pass with booming *olés*.

In the best bullfights, momentum and tension build relentlessly, as one series of passes leads to another, finer one, and you are torn between wishing it would never end and would end right then, before it is spoiled. This eighteen year old was building that kind of fight, and when he finished with classic, languid *naturales* and a *pase de pecho* on his knees, the *plaza* was in his hands. He needed two sword thrusts before the animal fell, but it didn't matter. They gave him two ears and the tail, too, and he held the trophies high as he was carried around the ring, grinning like a schoolboy, on the shoulders of men twice his age. The *olés* were over. We all stood clapping or simply staring, relieved of the emotional burden that a good bullfight imposes.

Pepe didn't say much about the fight. Neither did I. Perhaps he was still thinking of the Málaga ring and of the fights he had seen there. I know what I was thinking of—a young actor-artist and a good bull and what they can still do together. R.M.W.

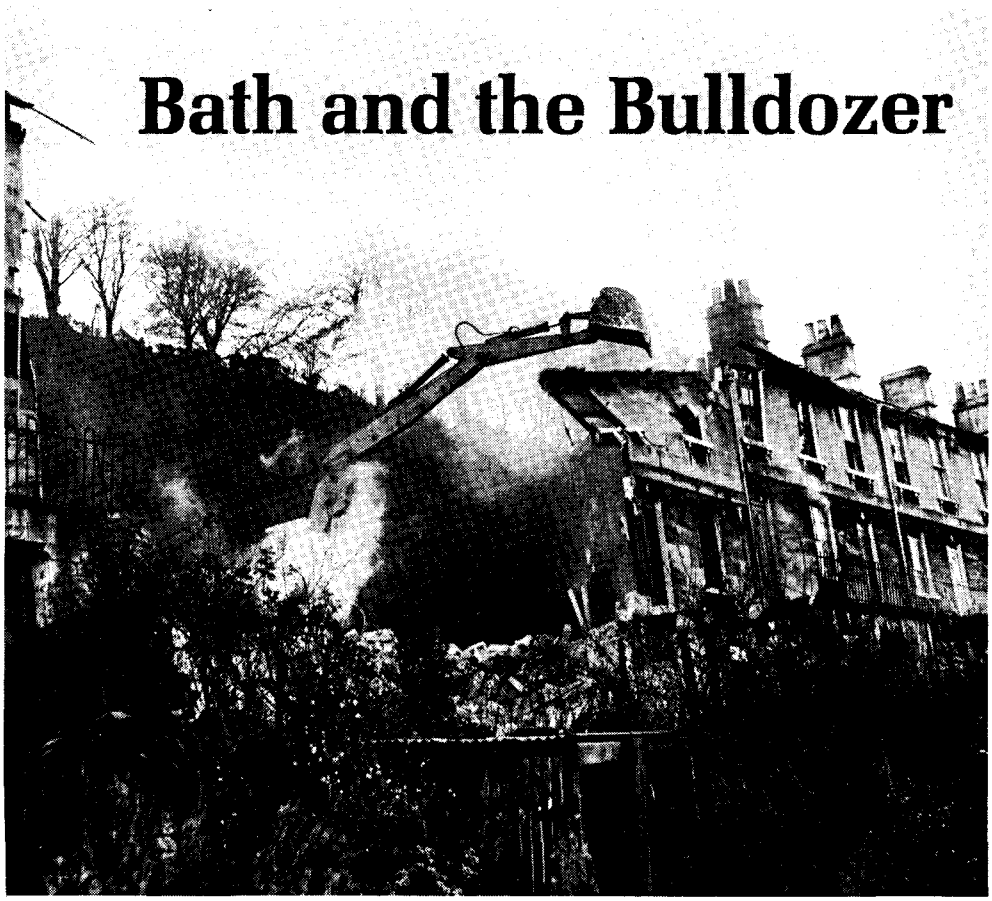
art. For one thing, he demonstrated the classic style of facing the bull and leading it around the body—again the key element of control—rather than standing in profile to the animal and simply leading it past in a straight line. Unfortunately Bienvenida does not fight often.

Still another casualty of bullfighting's decline is the pack of English-speaking *aficionados*, ranging from nobility to beatniks, who roamed the bullfight circuit into the 1960s. They were Hemingway devotees and often Hemingway mimics, but they had a certain phony flair, an appeal that traced back to *The Sun Also Rises* and *Death in the Afternoon* and to the self-pitying, wistfully romantic Lost Generation that haunted Europe after World War I. Gone, too, is the good writing that used to be done on bullfighting. With the possible exception of John McCormick's rather technical *Complete Aficionado,* nothing notable has appeared in English since Hemingway's "The Dangerous Summer," a long magazine report written in 1960.

La fiesta de toros may never die in Spain. It is part of the Spanish personality, like strong, cheap wine and the austerely beautiful hills of Castile. Worse than dying, it may degenerate further and become two full-fledged parodies of itself—one for tourists, who never knew what the real thing was; the other for Spaniards, who know but no longer care. Fortunately the national government, which controls too many areas of Spanish life, has some control over this one. Effective this season, the government has decreed that fighting bulls be at least four years old. If the regulation is firmly enforced (there are already stories of its being circumvented), at least part of the long process of degeneration brought on by underage bulls can be reversed. Most *aficionados* agree that, like war to generals, bullfighting is too serious a matter to be left to bullfighters. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bath and the Bulldozer



Bath Evening Chronicle

Calton Road—"The city fathers have been more ruthless than the bombers."

Authorized vandalism in Britain's celebrated spa town is causing a national furor.

By Roland Gelatt

Nowhere in the world are the battle lines between progress and preservation more sharply drawn than in the once-harmonious city of Bath. Guidebooks describe it as a unique and perfect Georgian spa town—and so indeed it was. But Bath, like so many other precious architectural holdovers from the past, is today in the throes of redevelopment. What the Luftwaffe tried unsuccessfully to accomplish in its infamous "Baedeker raids" of 1942, the British are doing quite efficiently themselves. The rationale for calling out the bulldozers in a place like Bath is that a city must move with the times. The argument for stopping them in their tracks is that an eighteenth-century town is as irreplaceable and invaluable as a painting by Leonardo. Superhighways or cobblestones? The issue remains unresolved.

Unwittingly, the air raids of World War II presaged an attitudinal pattern toward Bath's legacy of streets and buildings that lingers to this day. The Germans missed (or only lightly damaged) most of the celebrated landmarks—the Royal Crescent, the Circus, the Pump Room—but they managed to demolish some sizable chunks of unpretentious Georgian real estate. Just so with the various development committees that have presided over Bath's town planning since the war. No effort has been spared to protect and rehabilitate the city's jewels. Bulldozers have never ventured onto the Royal Crescent. But when it comes to the surrounding eighteenth-century fabric of the place—those miles of graceful terrace houses and shopfronts that Baedeker neglected to single out with a star—the city fathers have shown themselves more ruthless than the bombers.

There is wide disagreement as to just how many Georgian buildings have already yielded to the bulldozers. According to *The Architectural Review*, the number is "well over 2000." According to the Bath City Council, the number is 906. Either way, we are dealing with a lot of eighteenth-century rubble—all of it created with official approval. Given this kind of authorized vandalism, one expects to find villainous and ignoble incentives. But there are no villains here—only misguided and insensitive bureaucrats.

Bath's town planners really thought they were going to improve the place. By the 1950s many of the city's minor buildings were in a state of poor repair. To the planners, the solution seemed obvious: Knock down the old houses and put up some nice modern ones with government subsidy. No one seemed concerned that this might affect the unity and homogeneity of Bath's architectural townscape. "If you want to keep Georgian artisans' houses," sneered the city architect, "then you will have to find Georgian artisans to live in them." So the bulldozers moved in and began to demolish the terraced cottages of good Bath stone, which had been built some 200 years ago to house the working classes. Bath's commercial districts also fell under the impatient gaze of the town planners. Who needed creaky old shops and mossy warehouses in the brave new world of postwar Britain? So they too were pulled down, and in their place came supermarkets and office buildings, a multilevel car park, a technical college, a bus station.

It is always sad to see old things go, but when their replacement lifts the soul, one accepts the loss with equanimity. Who can chide the Renaissance builders for despoiling the remains of ancient Rome when what they substituted is so splendid? Who would now willingly give up Baron Haussmann's elegant boulevards for the maze of crooked streets they supplanted? Or trade the Seagram Building for the nondescript apartment block that once occupied its Park Avenue site? And so it might have been in Bath, had the new construction delighted and enticed the eye.

Alas, it does not. Bath tried to get the best, but the city fathers were obliged to "buy British," and this is not—to put it charitably—a particularly distinguished period in British architecture. Anyone who has visited London recently needs no further elaboration. The excrescences are everywhere: stubby high-rises pressing in on the dome of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Paul's, ponderous rectangles of glass and concrete overwhelming the nineteenth-century remains of Victoria Street, gawky towers rising ignominiously above the foliage of Hyde Park. If London has been served so ill, is it any wonder that Bath has fared no better? To date it has been spared the skyscraper but not the heavy blight of "packing-case modern."

The problem, Cyril Connolly points out, is general. "How," he asks, "can one create a work of art from a sick society? Modern domestic architecture in this country reflects the lack of purpose, coherence, and vision in our society; whatever we put up in Bath is bound to destroy the homogeneous quality of the eighteenth-century city and leave nothing so beautiful in its place."

THE BUSINESS OF PULLING down old buildings and putting up new ones is slow and laborious. By the time public opinion is aroused, the horse has usually escaped from the stable. Building a new road is something else again. Laymen may find it hard to visualize in advance the effect of demolition proposals and redevelopment schemes on the urban environment, but they have no difficulty in imagining what a ribbon of new roadway will do to their neighborhoods. Nothing has so galvanized controversy within Bath or so powerfully focused outside attention on its problems as the proposal to drive a tunnel under the Georgian heart of the city for a four-lane highway.

Bath lies athwart an old road connecting Bristol to the west and Chippenham to the east. The idea of running this road under the city, instead of through it or around it, seemed reasonable enough at first glance. But by the time the planners had developed the original plan and fitted it into a web of thoroughfares from the surrounding countryside as well as from within the city itself, rumblings of discontent began to be heard. They grew more strident when it was revealed that construction of feeder and approach roads to the tunnel would necessitate demolishing at least another hundred Georgian buildings. Uncomfortable questions began to be asked. What effect would it have on noise and pollution levels within the city? Might not the tunnel plan attract more traffic to Bath than it siphoned off? Why should Bath be obliged to countenance tall ventilator shafts and the glare of highway lights? Who needs a new road anyway? Soon newspapers, magazines, television, and the House of Lords took up the cry. Bath had become a national scandal.

Leading the opposition and fanning the flame of debate was the Bath Preservation Trust, a privately endowed society of concerned citizens and conservationists. Like all such amenity groups, the trust could complain and cajole, object and obstruct, but it remained always on the periphery of power. At best the trust could delay and sometimes mitigate the initiatives and decisions taken by the City Council. Then this spring as public protest reached fever pitch, Britain's Department of the Environment—in the person of its chief minister, Geoffrey Rippon—threw an unprecedented thunderbolt.

What the Luftwaffe failed to accomplish in its infamous 1942 "Baedeker raids," the British are doing efficiently themselves.

In effect, Mr. Rippon advised Bath's City Council to put the tunnel scheme and other redevelopment plans on the shelf until a new planning group could be formed. This group was to consist of three members—one representing the council, one representing the trust, and a third appointed by the Department of the Environment to act as mediator and coordinator. Under the circumstances there was nothing for the City Council to do but accept Rippon's proposal. From now on it must deal with the Preservation Trust, not as an annoying watchdog, but as a full-fledged partner.

Although the battle to save Bath has not yet been won, the tide seems to have turned. Fortunately, it comes while the city remains relatively unscathed. Approaching Bath by train, as I did this summer, the visitor can still see rising before him a vista essentially unchanged from Jane Austen's day—a gentle vista compounded of gray stone walls, slate roofs, myriad chimney pots, and green hills. To be sure, there are some jarring blots on the scene, out of scale and out of style with the rest, but they are few enough to be ignored. Despite twenty years of destruction and rebuilding, Bath has survived.

It is not enough, however, merely to stay the execution of lovely but decrepit houses. They must be restored and made attractive for a generation accustomed to central heating, draftless ventilation, and labor-saving kitchens. Unfortunately, to rehabilitate an old dwelling is usually more costly than to tear it down and erect a new one from mass-produced materials. Can private developers be persuaded that the long-term value of a restored Georgian house is worth the additional investment? If not, will Mr. Rippon's government cough up the requisite subsidy? And what of Bath's commercial interests? The City Council still worships at the altar of growth, looking to a future where Bath will function as a shopping center not only for its own population but also for the whole surrounding area—with all that that implies in the way of additional buildings, car parks, and congestion. Needless to say, the Preservation Trust opposes this scenario, arguing instead for a no-growth policy toward the city's commercial development. But how do you convince a local merchant to be content with 85,000 customers when he sees a potential of 200,000 to be tapped?

Basically, these questions resolve themselves into the larger one of whether preservationist policies are consonant with a free-enterprise economy. Can capitalism and conservation go hand in hand? We are constantly reminded that the outstanding examples of postwar urban preservation and rehabilitation are to be found in cities like Warsaw and Leningrad.

THE ANSWERS TO these questions will affect not only the future of Bath but also that of many other historic towns and cities throughout Britain. They are today a highly endangered species. Already Gloucester and Worcester have been redeveloped almost past recognition. Lincoln is going at a frightening rate. King's Lynn is in jeopardy. And the still-untouched sections of London—most notably Covent Garden—hang in the balance.

Does it matter? Should a modern post-industrial society be obliged to hold on to these pleasant but outdated vestiges? Kenneth Clark, in the Lords debate on Bath, put the case persuasively: "To conserve what is best in the architecture of the past is not to be a conservative. It is simply to realize that no society, no association of human beings, can cut itself off from its history or pull up its deepest roots without impoverishing or even destroying its spirit." So it is not, after all, a matter of preservation versus progress. In a place like Bath preservation *is* progress. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs: © 1973 Alskog Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Marilyn with poet Carl Sandburg—"So childishly gay, so wistfully sad."

When She Was Good...

Marilyn
By Norman Mailer
Grosset & Dunlap, 272 pp., $19.95

Marilyn: An Untold Story
By Norman Rosten
New American Library, 125 pp., $1.25

Reviewed by Louis Berg

By now the critics have had their way with Norman Mailer's *Marilyn,* and anything one might now write about it almost inevitably would seem to be a distillation of their reviews, just as Mailer's "novel biography" emerged as a distillation of the writings of others on the subject. I would, however, like to make a few comments of my own, based on some slight personal observation gleaned from the years I spent as a hack writer in Hollywood and as a movie press agent.

Then, too, the passage of time has permitted Norman Rosten's memoir on Marilyn to appear on the market, the work of a man who was both a poet and a personal friend of hers. It deserves to be reviewed in juxtaposition with the other Norman's rougher treatment of Marilyn, to serve as an antidote.

Louis Berg is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in numerous periodicals.

It is the fashion among hacks either to sneer at or to glorify the Hollywood glamour girls, and Mailer, to the extent that he relies on such testimony, does both. Rosten, on the other hand, treats her as a fellow human, and as a rather lovable one. He saw her without make-up, as the singularly shy but friendly person she could be when she wasn't being bitchy (not without cause) or trading (again with reason) on manufactured sex lure. She was introduced to him by photographer Sam Shaw, who had been shooting still pictures of her and brought her with him to the Rosten apartment in Brooklyn Heights, New York. Shaw, a soft-spoken man, mumbled and fumbled the introduction, so that Marilyn was treated like any other casual visitor, friend of a friend:

> A figure coming up the stairs in a camel's hair coat, no make-up, hair short and careless and wet. . . . She murmurs "Pleased to meet you" and enters the living room, finds a chair, and sits at once, rather stiffly, but her eyes are mischievous. She snuggles into the chair with a shy smile. I notice her shoes are wet and suggest she remove them. She does. My wife, Hedda, comes up to say hello and immediately goes out to put up some coffee.

So childishly gay, so wistfully sad, was Marilyn in the company of the Rostens —and in such high spirits when he saw her last—that he is convinced that her death by an overdose of sleeping pills was an accident and cannot persuade himself that it was a suicide. I can, having known other seemingly bright spirits who ended ther lives in a coma of alcohol and barbiturates.

Actually, the last word on Marilyn should belong to Arthur Miller, whose play *After the Fall* is obviously based on his life with her. After all, he was married to her and was subject to all her moods, her whimsical playfulness, and her shrill demands. He ought to know, and I find it strange that not one of the reviewers, as far as I know, has summoned up his play for testimony.

Of all her husbands and lovers, DiMaggio was probably the best qualified to speak of her; he was probably the only man in her life to know her faults and to be truly in love with her. He is, however, a man both inarticulate and gently considerate of her memory.

MY OWN VIEWS on Marilyn could probably be summed up in a familiar verse:

> There was a little girl
> Who had a little curl
> Right in the middle of her forehead.
> And when she was good
> She was very, very good,
> But when she was bad she was horrid.

This probably contains the whole accessible truth about Marilyn Monroe—"all ye know and all ye need to know." For all of Mailer's pretentiousness and his psychic delving and his Faustian (and fustian) approach to his subject, his book, blown up beyond all proportion, gives us no more insight.

Marilyn emerges—from sordid experiences (retold by Mailer with relish), after four marriages and much sleeping around, as the child-woman—naughty but winsome, demanding and docile by turns, desperately anxious to please but capable of tantrums when she failed, and, like any child, vulnerable.

The rest of the truth belongs in her psychiatrist's files. Marilyn suffered from a not uncommon malady, anxiety neurosis and deep depression, the causes of which were varied and sometimes obscure—an unhappy childhood, maladjustment to sex, unrealistic ambition, the conflict of daydreams with harsh reality. Movie stars are particularly prone to the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

illness, coming, as so many of them do, from broken homes, conditioned to anxiety ("You are as good as your last picture" is drummed into their heads), subject to the whims of producers and the fickleness of the public, and dependent in large measure on the talents of others —screenwriters, directors, and, not least important, make-up artists. Marilyn was by no means the only screen actress to succumb to drugs and alcohol and to die of an overdose of sleeping pills.

Mailer's book cannot be ruled out altogether—it was, after all, written by the champ and contains flashes of fine writing and penetrating observation. He is not to be trusted, however, for psychiatric explanations of her behavior and personality; he has a general tendency to wander far afield and is never satisfied with one theory when he can muster a dozen; he is given, too, to karmic speculations, hinting darkly at an ancestral curse lurking in her genes. He dismisses Marilyn's story that she was raped at the age of seven and disputes her tales of harsh treatment in foster homes, but certainly her childhood was not exactly normal: She was an illegitimate child; her mother, who was indifferent to her, eventually went mad; and she was brought up by a succession of strangers —reasons enough for a disturbed personality. We do not need Mailer's search for clues in previous existences.

Nor do we need him for the facts, which, by his own frank admission, he culled from the works of others, notably Maurice Zolotow and, particularly, Fred Guiles. The latter is a popular writer from whom Mailer has borrowed liberally and to whom he gives credit for accuracy, and yet he challenges his veracity, referring to "a compendium of lies he has told." He also scolds both authors for accepting "factoids"—a word he has coined for unsupported and dubious reports—on the same level as facts. Yet he himself cannot resist the attraction of wild invention (Marilyn's own, her press agent's, his own, or the product of Hollywood malice). He pounces on gossip, even the ugliest, plays cat-and-mouse with it, circles around it, pretends to be indifferent, only to pounce again, worrying it to death.

And finally, he closes his account with the ghastliest factoid of all—an utterly unsubstantiated rumor that Marilyn did not die by her own hand, deliberately or by accident, but was murdered to protect Bobby Kennedy from the consequences of an affair with her. Does he believe this? Not really, but he admits its possibility and winds up his book with arguments in its favor. This will not do, even coming from a man whose work I have much admired and who, in my estimation, wrote the most perceptive book on Hollywood ever written, *The Deer Park*. I bow to his talent but feel the right as a reader to scold him.

"Easily hurt but quick to recover."

For a legitimate account of Marilyn's last years, during her period of depression, we may more safely go to Arthur Miller, the most suffering and most sentient of her four husbands, who won the prize so many had lusted after—"the Stradivarius of sex," "the angel of sex," as Mailer puts it, though I myself would prefer as a description "the cream puff of sex" or, more appropriately, "the Oscar of sex"—when it was somewhat shopworn. His play *After the Fall* was rejected by critics and public, probably because it was too easily identifiable and unfair to her memory and to the public image of her. Actually the play is both cruel and kind, to Marilyn and to himself, as the following dialogue from it, quoted by Mailer, may help to illustrate:

MAGGIE: There's people who are going to laugh at you.

QUENTIN: Not any more, dear, they're going to see what I see.

MAGGIE: What do you see? Tell me. *(Bursting out of her)* 'Cause I think . . . you were ashamed once, weren't you?

QUENTIN: I see your suffering, Maggie, and once I saw it, all shame fell away.

MAGGIE: You . . . were ashamed.

Sadness and sentiment mark the tribute, a touching testimonial, paid Marilyn by Norman Rosten, a good friend. His book on Marilyn, commanding our sympathies, reveals the sunniest side of her nature, the way she appeared to people who made no rough demands on her, sexual or otherwise. Here, even in the later years, the little girl emerges, romping on the beach at Amagansett, playing house, easily hurt but quick to recover. The anecdotes are kindly, the criticisms forbearing, the picture a sweet one and probably as close to the essential truth as the dozen or so other books that have been written about her, including Mailer's. This is Marilyn away from the Hollywood environment, not on guard, simple, and unaffected. And utterly charming.

Finally, we have the pictures in the Mailer book, worth more, in my estimation, than his 90,000 words. They show Marilyn as a cute but rather ordinary infant, the Girl Next Door, the child bride in the first of her marriages, at the age of seventeen, Before the Fall. We see the image altered, by the make-up department and some small cosmetic surgery, to pinup qualifications, smiling to order, striking the required poses, coarsened by time and rough abrasions, to emerge in its pristine innocence on the beach at Amagansett. There is one photograph that tells all—Marilyn in revealing negligee, with a *Playboy* body and the face of a baby, wide-eyed and innocent, whose chin you want to chuck.

The Mailer book had its origin in a photographer's concept of a Marilyn Monroe retrospective in pictures, the work of some of the country's best-known still photographers. Mailer was asked to write an accompanying text of some 25,000 words, which expanded because he was enamored of the subject—he, too, like any GI in far-off Okinawa, dreamed of having her in his bed—and also, apparently, because of the opportunity that his reputation gave him to sound off on unrelated subjects. Nixon pops up in the copy without relevance. And since Mailer has a thing about Presidents, Truman comes in for unfavorable notice—what was he to Marilyn or Mari-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lyn to him?—and the Kennedy brothers, Jack and Bobby, get dishonorable mention again and again.

Why did Mailer accept at the outset a secondary role, designed to enhance the work of photographers rather than his own reputation? The answer quite simply is that he needed the money, was strapped—a shocking fact, considering that he is such a successful writer—as a result of multiple alimonies and his flighty efforts at movie production, financed by himself. Why his reliance on secondhand and, for the most part, unchecked sources? His own explanation, on TV, was that he was up against a short deadline and lacked the time for travel and interviews that the task demanded. This does not entitle him to sneer, as he does, at us poor hacks, in similar circumstances, who mix fact and factoid—all grist for the mill—but stick to the subject.

Why, finally, all the pother about poor Marilyn, who, by now, should be permitted to rest in peace? Why the dozen books written about her, probing into dark recesses, rehashing old and scandalous rumors? She was neither as complex, in all truth, nor as glamorous as her legend. Her sexual conduct, or, rather, her amoral behavior, was par for the course in Hollywood, as was her salty speech ("Go f—— yourself," she reportedly told an assistant director when he summoned her to the set). Hollywood in both respects was well ahead of the rest of the country, which has only now caught up with it.

As for her glamour, which caught the fancy of both the prince of ballplayers and a noted dramatist, Hollywood experts were unaware of it, as was the general public, until a blowup of her—showing her, when she was a photographer's model, as naked as the day she was born but in a more seductive pose—got bandied around. Prior to this sensational disclosure—at first embarrassing to the studio, for these were pre-*Playboy* days—she had gotten scant notice from her bosses, despite an obvious gift for comedy, displayed in bit parts. Zanuck, whose eye for beauty and sexiness was avid though astigmatic, saw in her only a dumb and not particularly vivid blonde and had her forced on him, in a manner of speaking, by the public response to the nude photo.

I cannot resist here, as my small contribution, giving my own impression of her during this period. Her press agent, Roy Craft, who seemed genuinely fond of her, brought her to my table at the studio commissary during lunch, for an introduction and, he hoped, an interview—she was then an unknown starlet. She had two books under her arm—one, I remember, by Schopenhauer—and insisted (she was meeting a writer, God save the mark!) on discussing literature with me. To my greater embarrassment, she rubbed knees with me—if I responded I was presumably hooked, and if I didn't I was a prig. I didn't, writing her off as another dumb broad—her "full promise of future delights," to quote Mailer again, eluding me completely, as it had others. She was to have her innings. At a later time, when she was the idol of millions, I sought her out for an interview. It was arranged, but she stood me up. "She's shacked up with DiMaggio," her press agent explained miserably, "and nobody can get in touch with her."

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn—"He was probably the only man in her life to know her faults and to be truly in love with her."

IT IS APPROPRIATE that the Mailer book should, in the final analysis, rest its case on the photographs. Marilyn Monroe was, from start to finish in her career, a creation of the camera. Her only true love affair was with it; she responded to the lens as never to her lovers, bowed to its dictates, submitted to its demands with astonishing meekness, displayed in its presence unsuspected traits, and was alternately innocent and provocative, gay and wistful, plain and fancy.

She could also be exacting in her demands on the camera, as I personally can testify. I had occasion, as a press agent, to clear the still photographs that had been taken of her during the shooting of *The Misfits*—for which Miller wrote the script, with Marilyn in mind for its heroine. In this last brush of mine with her, she was clearly on the downgrade and, as we know now, very much on drugs and booze. Yet she took the time out to mark every photograph, to downgrade many—though all were the work of top photographers—her judgment based on the way she looked or wanted to look in them. She kept the pictures for an unconscionable period, while the publicity department, needing them, fumed and fretted. But no one could fault her eye. She knew what was good for her image, if not for the promotion of the motion picture, and cared about it to the very end.

Enough! Some good people loved her—her press agent, her housekeeper, DiMaggio most truly, Norman and Hedda Rosten, Arthur Miller, and, after his fashion, Norman Mailer.

"Cover her face. She died young." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critic From Within

The World of Nations
By Christopher Lasch
Alfred Knopf, 384 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ed Grossman

In the last ten years or so there has been a rejection by the younger, non-Communist historians of established methods of historiography. They have discarded the comfortable platitudes about the end of ideology and have denied the beneficence, or even the existence, of a balancing pluralism of political power in this country. Inevitably, this revolt and new outlook has also occurred among sociologists. In the work of both it has often been difficult to tell where history stops and sociology begins, or vice versa (which is not such a damning criticism); it has also been a fact that most of the books and articles published by members of this now-established "revisionist" school have had as their outstanding qualities tendentiousness, superficiality, and intolerance. Typically, a revisionist account of the cold war pictures Truman and a number of industrialists, generals, and self-righteous crusaders from Foggy Bottom conspiring to double-cross the goodhearted Stalin—which is not such a shocking or surprising portrayal, considering that it was Truman who set in motion the wheels of an imperialistic adventure in Indo-China, impelled by the dynamics of American capitalism, that led to a genocidal campaign of the United States against Oriental peasants, in which, fortunately, the United States was militarily defeated. Already these ideas have become the accepted truths, the *idées reçues,* of many university students of the Sixties—and probably of their parents, too, since the pull of fashion is strong. It is notable how little the "new" revisionism shares, in terms of embattled radicalism, with the sociological work of its immediate progenitor, C. Wright Mills, or, in terms of lucidity and scholarship, with the historical work, many decades ago, of Charles Beard (for the reconsideration of American myths is, of course, nothing new).

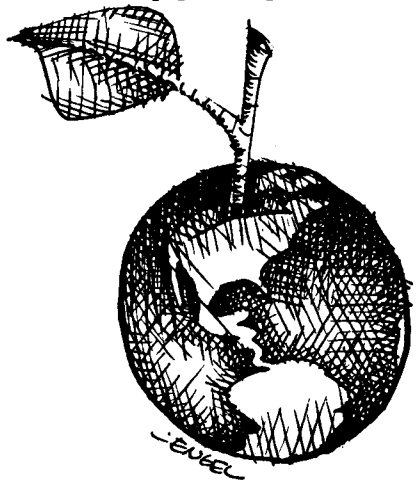
Christopher Lasch is one of the small number of contemporary academically based, self-consciously rebellious historians whose work—or most of it—well repays the time spent reading it. Already known for his two books, *The New Radicalism in America, 1889–1963* and *The Agony of the American Left,* Lasch, in this collection, subtitled *Reflections on History, Politics and Culture,* has brought together his essays, book reviews, and lectures of the last fifteen years. In reviews he shows himself a fair and imaginative synthesizer of the findings of other writers (particularly on nineteenth-century "problems" such as institutionalization of children and the insane, reform of divorce laws, and feminism, all far from being "solved" and with obvious current application). In appreciations of the work of Erik Erikson and Jacques Ellul, Lasch does not let admiration dampen the skeptical spirit that usually sets him apart from other historians and sociologists. It is, perhaps, somewhat facile to associate him too closely with these, in spite of his sporadic indications of moral indignation, as in his declaration that "we knew the war was monstrous; what we didn't completely grasp, until the Pentagon papers dispelled all doubts, is that it was utterly contemptible as well. The war was the work of little men who wanted very badly to be big men but were unwilling to pay the price." Or in such assertions as "the war has made us the most hated nation in the world."

> "The cultural task confronting the Left is not to overthrow the work ethic, which is already under attack, but to invest it with new meaning."

Lasch can fairly be put in the company of the current revisionists for this type of shallow rhetoric and for his deep conviction, evident in his previous books, that at least since the end of the nineteenth century, American foreign policy has been determined by a self-perpetuating "class" of racist, imperialistic "public servants" who have bought off the labor unions for a mess of pottage. What distinguishes him from them, besides his scholarship, is his ability to write trenchant, meaty, original essays criticizing American left-wingers, of whom he is one, from the inside. Such essays are of special significance because they are written from the point of view of a partisan who is angry and disappointed at the fragmentation and collapse of the New Left, a movement that had once seemed to some infinitely promising, but keeps his wits and even nurtures a hope or two. "There is something incorrigibly American," Lasch writes about the distracting notion of a revolutionary yet non-political counterculture as popularized by Charles Reich, "about the illusion that great changes can take place without a great price having to be paid for them." Not that Lasch advocates a bloody seizure of "state power"—such revolutions, he thinks, are impossible in industrially advanced countries; what he seems to prefer and hold out some hope for is a new populism, of the McGovern-Nader variety. But that Lasch's post mortem on the cultural "revolutionaries" of the Sixties points toward basic truths even a reader who disagrees with Lasch's other assumptions will not deny.

> Many radicals . . . confuse the search for personal "authenticity" with the search for cultural alternatives to capitalism and . . . define personal liberation, moreover, as freedom from work-discipline and from authority in general. The trouble with this definition of the "cultural revolution" is that it tends to divert attention from work to leisure, thereby reinforcing one of the strongest and most dangerous tendencies of advanced capitalist society—the attempt to compensate for the meaninglessness of work by holding out the possibility of spiritual fulfillment through consumption. . . . The cultural task confronting the Left is not to overthrow the work ethic, which is already under attack from within capitalist society, but to invest it with new meaning.

Passages and pages on this level and prickly dissents from the party line—"We should not allow ourselves to be misled by the openness of sexual display in contemporary society. The important thing is the use to which sexuality is put. For the woman, it remains, as it was in the nineteenth century, principally a means of domestic arrangement; for the man, a means of vicarious display"—are more important than the clichés and nostrums and make *The World of Nations* well worth the paper it is printed on. □



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Looking Out

Culver Pictures, Inc.

"Jail teaches nothing valuable except how to survive in jail."

Women in Prison
By Kathryn Watterson Burkhart
Doubleday, 528 pp., $10

Reviewed by Anne Hollander

There can be no doubt that our system of criminal justice is an expensive failure, a fact easily arrived at without the benefit of any research beyond consulting the daily newspaper. On the national scale, all institutions attempting to deal with crime have apparently succeeded only in increasing both the number of criminals (punished and unpunished) and the fear of crime. Moreover, in addition to all the abuses in and misuses of the criminal courts, imprisonment offers yet a further possibility for compromising law, justice, and bedeviled humanity.

Since men and women have been treated—and have behaved—so differently for so long in our culture, it seems profitable to study their different treatment under criminal justice. In *Women in Prison,* Kathryn Watterson Burkhart has made an effort to show how the failures of the prison system in this country specifically affect women at every stage of their contact with it. Although official segregation of the sexes has been continually attacked and has been broken down in some of society's basic institutions during the last hundred years, it has actually been brought about and institutionalized for the disposition of convicted criminals during the same period. Men, women, and children were jailed together in America under varying conditions until the 1870s, when the reform spirit at work in many social institutions in the nineteenth century succeeded in causing women and children to be confined separately from men. Since then, enforced separation of the sexes has been one of the most glaring abuses characterizing imprisonment in this country. This has occurred during the same era in which co-education and the increasing scope of women's public activities and economic power have assured the increased mingling of men and women (for good or ill) in the regions of life beyond the domestic and erotic. Consequently, it seems all the more ludicrous that present-day prison arrangements should absolutely prevent any contact between the sexes at all, while purportedly claiming to rehabilitate the prisoners and to prepare them to fit into society.

Mrs. Burkhart indicates that even benevolently conceived prison reforms, such as sexual segregation, have often, with time, resulted in worse abuses. She concludes, therefore, that the existence of prisons is bad and making them better will simply expand an evil system. The historical section of *Women in Prison* is most interesting in its description of the changes in official attitudes toward crime and punishment, which reflect changes in moral temperament. In early colonial times corporal punishment was prescribed for wrongdoers—cropping of ears, whipping, castrating, and hanging, as well as confinement—in simple, if not suitable, retribution for crimes. By 1825 religious people (chiefly Quakers) conceived the idea that repentance, brought about by enforced solitude and silence, should be the aim of imprisonment. These were the conditions at the first "penitentiary" built in the United States (which Charles Dickens saw and viewed with great misgivings), after which many others like it were built. It took several decades to discover that prisoners kept in lengthy solitary confinement and idleness went mad and died instead of repenting; they were thereupon gradually permitted to mingle, as in the early prisons, and to work together. Public awareness of prison conditions in the 1850s resulted in the separation, for their own protection and benefit, of "weak and dependent" women and children from the corrupting influence of "brutal" men. Characteristic of nineteenth-century morality was the belief that to contain wicked, irrepressible lust, a huge gulf had to separate the sexes. Modern prison and parole rules still reflect this view, despite a more permissive sexual code in

Anne Hollander is at work on a book about the clothed form in art.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this country. Women prisoners, confined separately since 1870, when the first American women's prison was opened in Indiana, are evidently still treated as if any contact with men would result in an instant and undeserved orgy. ("It seems that sex is considered dessert in our culture," says Mrs. Burkhart, "too special and rare a treat for bad children.")

THE YEAR 1870 is also noted for the fact that rehabilitation, rather than repentance, was officially adopted as the goal of imprisonment—"restoring a person to useful life," rather than simply punishing or trying to engender repentant feelings in him. It was a revolutionary concept. For women at that time, "useful life" meant only respectable marriage and motherhood. "Respectability" meant a combination of the Protestant virtues of cleanliness, godliness, ladylike behavior, and proficiency in the household arts. When prisons came to be designed expressly for women, some approximation to domestic circumstances was intended by confining the prisoners in "cottages" of twenty to sixty women, with facilities for keeping house. "Sin-stained souls" were to be "cleansed," presumably, by the uplifting influence of housework well laced with religion. In the grim modern prison world, in a milieu of drug addiction or simply in the absence of men, where many wretched women are noticeably impervious to such influences for good, these surviving architectural arrangements seem essentially humane but are pitifully inadequate, particularly since the naïve notions underlying their *raison d'être* survive, too. For some reason the idea persists that women have an extra measure of latent virtue that will naturally incline them all to chaste and peaceable domesticity if order is provided for them and they are removed from the influence of male "brutality." Enlightened folk have now presumably come to recognize the basic humanity of women, acknowledging that they are prone not only to as much but to the same kinds of wickedness as men and that they suffer and commit crimes from their own self-destructive and aggressive impulses, just as men do. Mrs. Burkhart, however, shows that the judicial system perpetuates a general prejudice against women in trouble with the law: the notion that by committing any crime they have also committed a moral offense against their own womanhood.

Women in Prison is designed to describe and expose a national disgrace. To do this thoroughly, the author has investigated all aspects of the prison life of American women; compiled many statements from inmates, ex-inmates, and staff members; and digested many statistics. She has also included a great deal of rhetorical material designed to arouse strong emotional responses. Since the book is quite substantial in its factual material, it should not have been necessary to include such sensational material as the brief prose accounts of individual experiences, distinguished as lyric poems —that is, printed in italics as extracts, under a title consisting simply of a woman's name. Also included are some tear-jerking letters from prisoners' children and some bad poetry written by inmates.

BECAUSE MOST OF this book is indeed so instructive and illuminating and because the facts speak most eloquently, the reader is justified in demanding more facts and fewer appeals. Since the real theme of the book is not just jailed women but the whole question of the effectiveness of imprisonment, there would have been value in some comparisons with the prison systems of other countries as well as a more detailed examination of the prison life of American men as compared with that of women. Besides advocating the abolition of imprisonment, *Women in Prison* calls for more awareness of the truth about all our penal institutions, not only on the part of the public but even within the system of criminal justice itself. For instance, judges often sentence people to institutions of which they have no firsthand knowledge—where programs of recreation and training are supposed to exist but often do not, where the medical staff may be both overworked and incompetent, or where justified protests of the inmates, properly expressed through legitimate channels, are perpetually ignored.

> "Prison rules still reflect the nineteenth-century belief that to contain wicked lust a huge gulf must separate the sexes."

Institutions of correction are isolated worlds wherein the staff and inmates alike are kept at a distance from ordinary society and the whole flavor and texture of their life are unknown to the outside world. When visiting prisons, Mrs. Burkhart took great pains to discover the kinds of details that constitute the truth of daily life. She interviewed hundreds of prisoners and staff members of all ages and conditions and apparently did her best to become real friends with as many as would allow it, on both sides of the bars. Her emotional involvement with individuals was evidently necessary for the kind of data she wanted, for she was determined to find out what it is really like and to tell it all. The utterances of inmates and staff reproduced here sound unguarded, reflecting many opposing points of view and giving conflicting facts. The combined effect gives the desired impression that most convicts are quite ordinary people in difficulties of varying degrees. The pressures that result in crime are shown to be complex as well as acute, and no simple solutions are indicated.

The only simple conclusion the author is forced to draw is that jail teaches nothing valuable except how to survive in jail. The noble goal of rehabilitation is a total practical impossibility, since isolated and enforced institutional living, even under model conditions, is utterly unlike life. The mental and moral climate in institutions leads to regression rather than development. Mrs. Burkhart amply makes the point that imprisonment defeats its own aim, and she shows how a large percentage of people in jail ought not to be there. In addition to bringing out many unfamiliar facts of prison life, *Women in Prison* gives further evidence to support certain other, well-known facts: that the poor always have a harder time than the rich, that the old have a harder time than the young, and that cruelty, greed, and duplicity are not diminishing among us.

ALTHOUGH JAIL is bad for everyone, women are subject to certain kinds of torment from which men are exempt. Anxiety about their children is a dreadful affliction for women who must wait in jail for trial because they cannot raise bail and who have no relatives to whom children may go. Although arrangements are made for their children, women in prison are frequently not consulted or informed about them. Another and more subtle form of maltreatment reserved for female prisoners is evidently a kind of forced infantilism, in which—because of their dependency and because they are not considered dangerous, like men—they are treated, spoken to, and spoken of as if they were children. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you care what your children read

—and if you're a reader of this magazine you undoubtedly do—how can you steer them towards what's really worthwhile among the mind-boggling numbers of children's books published each year?

With the best of professional help, that's how.

With *The Best in Children's Books* containing 1,400 reviews of books published between 1966 and 1972. They're prepared by Zena Sutherland, editor of the University of Chicago's *Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books*—and you may know her as a former reviewer of children's books for *Saturday Review*. The selections are also evaluated by an advisory committee of teachers and librarians.

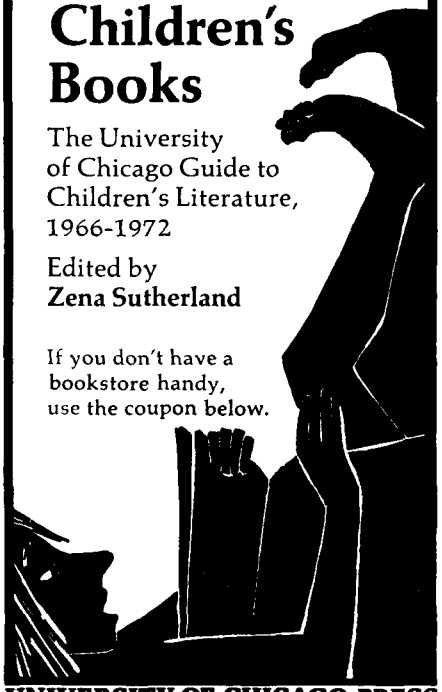
This book will help you pick books that children will enjoy reading, that will help them mature, that will make reading a habit.

The Best in Children's Books

The University of Chicago Guide to Children's Literature, 1966-1972

Edited by **Zena Sutherland**

If you don't have a bookstore handy, use the coupon below.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Sales Manager, The University of Chicago Press, 5801 S. Ellis Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60637:

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *The Best in Children's Books* @ $9.95 each.

Name _____

Address _____

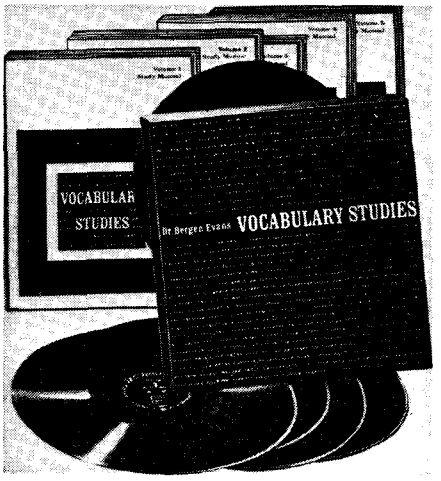
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

demoralizing effect of such treatment over a long time is considerable, particularly since they are usually treated like bad children—physically humiliated and forbidden to laugh and play or hug and kiss. (The dangerousness of women is apparently felt to arise from their adult sexuality itself, rather than from the kind of potential violence feared in men.)

Women in Prison is organized in sections dealing with different stages of the penal process ("Gettin' in," "Bein' in," "Stayin' in," "Gettin' out"—the dropped *g*'s are unfortunate, however accurate); and in each section the statistics, the exposition, and the texts of interviews are mixed together and interspersed with the aforementioned poems and letters. This method generates a good deal of emotional force and also a good deal of confusion. Individual women are introduced and then casually referred to later, after one has forgotten exactly who they are. Similarly, names of institutions and facts about them are scattered throughout, wherever applicable, but it would have been more helpful to supply a set of tables, with all the raw facts and figures, in the back. Without apparatus of this kind it is impossible to keep track of buried single bits of information for reference or comparison. There is a long bibliography that is in the nature of a further appeal for public consciousness of this national blight. There is also a long glossary that seems rather padded with ordinary slang terms not properly classified as prison terminology.

THE CLOSING STATEMENTS in this book are inadequate to the enormous problems raised, but the author's aim has not been to propose practical alternatives to the existing system. Ideal alternatives, involving neighborhood community centers dispensing love, laughter, and medication, are cursorily described but despaired of. Despite her inability to believe in the ultimate good of any improvements of an essentially bad system, Mrs. Burkhart does hope for some immediate attention to the civil rights of prisoners and some practical help for their lives. For example, she would have them permitted to earn money and support their families while they are in prison, helped to maintain family ties, and counseled to reduce some of the dreadful sense of powerlessness that is at the root of so much crime to begin with. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 68): plead, paled, pedal.



VOCABULARY RECORDS

Listen and learn 2000 new words!

Two brilliant educators have taken the work out of increasing your word-power! In the comfort of your living room, listen to hundreds of the most diverse and stirring words in the English language—used in model sentences cut on records! Quickly grasp the meaning and pronunciation, use words you never used before.

Dr. Bergen Evans, famous word expert, wrote the script; Dr. Robert Breen, speech professor, brings it to life in living sound. Thrill to almost 4 hours of mind-bending, tongue-tickling vocabulary growth without dull dictionary reference.

5 Extras

At no extra cost, you receive 5 deluxe Study Manuals with superb word essays, quizzes, complete record script. Challenging, fun like a game for adults and children. Hi-quality vinyl records play on monaural or stereo equipment.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Registrar's Office
To: Vocabulary Studies, Dept. 852-91
555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060

☐ Please send me the **Vocabulary Album** which includes 5 12" Bergen Evans Records, 5 Study Manuals and handsome album case for my free examination. Within 10 days after receipt, I will return everything or pay $4.95 monthly, only $29.70 total.

☐ I am enclosing $24.95 total cash price, postage paid. 10-day return privilege with money back if not satisfied.

Name _____
Address _____
Phone _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Post: Two Literary Letters

Tokyo

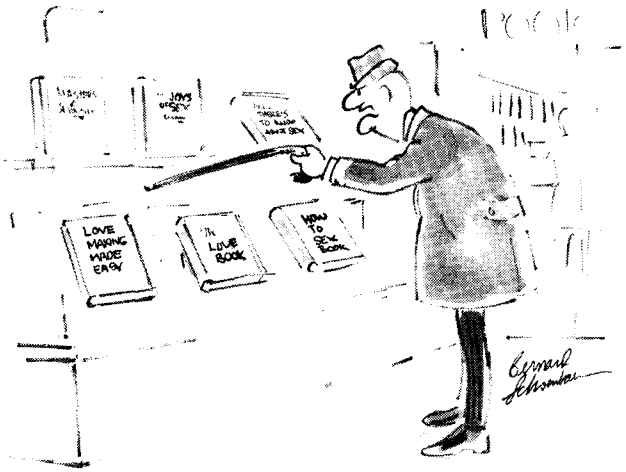
Tokyo has become increasingly cruel for its citizens, who must wade and cough their way through the black waves of exhaust fumes spurting from innumerable Toyopets and other vehicles. The newspapers Tokyoites read (or have stopped reading) carry nothing but profoundly depressing tidings, such as the news about the giant trading firms buying up millions of tons of essential foods in order to force up the prices. It does not take much of a genius to realize that Japanese politics and business are corrupt, education is a mess, and life in general is gravely affected.

At a time like this many would agree that it might not be a bad idea for a man to strip himself of his identity, name, family, and other elements in his background, and of all his belongings, then encase himself in a large cardboard box and live like a human snail. In that way he could live completely as an anonym and, therefore, a free man, shunning all the devilments of the society surrounding him. However, to conceive of such an original method of self-alienation requires the imagination of a genius—a genius, indeed, like Kobo Abe. His new novel, *Hako'otoko* (*The Box Man,* Shinchōsha), is a tour de force of such imagination.

Like his own *Suna no Onna (Woman in the Dunes)* and *Tanin no Kao (The Face of Another), The Box Man* is a parable, a form rarely employed by modern Japanese writers. One day the man, identified in the story only as A (like Kafka's K), notices a Box Man nesting beneath the window of his apartment. At first A tries to ignore him, pretending he is no more than a meaningless bit of urban litter, but gradually his irritation mounts toward this outrageous form of existence, and in the end he succeeds in getting rid of the Box Man by shooting at him with an air rifle. Good riddance, he thinks. But only two weeks later, A, finding in his apartment the big cardboard box in which a new refrigerator has been delivered, cannot resist the temptation of putting it over his head, and soon he himself becomes a Box Man. Apparently this habit is contagious: The reader is soon informed of several other Box Men leading seemingly normal lives in various sections of the town. The rest of the story is related in an extremely intricate manner, but the brilliance and credibility Abe gives to his narrative is simply astonishing. The scientist's love for meticulousness (Abe once studied medicine) is often infused with poetry that makes outright absurdities seem plausible and even attractive.

Nevertheless, the novel is not without flaws. The plot is too complicated for comfort, and it is easy for readers searching for a meaning as parable to get lost in the flood of incidents, making it hard to discover equivalent significances in real life. Even so, there is little doubt that this novel will prove to be the most important, as well as the most acclaimed, work of the year and (as has been true of Abe's earlier novels), if ably translated, may meet with an even more enthusiastic reception abroad than in Japan.

Among other recent works of fiction that have enjoyed critical acclaim are Kenichi Yoshida's *Hōnto-no-yōna Hanashi* (*A Story That Seems to Be True,* Shuei-sha) and Junzō Shōno's *Nogamo* (*Wild Duck,* Kodan-sha). Although neither of the two writers is well known to Western readers, Yoshida, the son of the late prime minister, has long been a leading literary critic and essayist and is now proving to be an excellent fiction writer. Like everything else he writes, *A Story That Seems to Be True* contains his reflections on civilization. Although the narrator of the story is the widow of a peer, this might just as well be the monologue of the writer, relating past and present events in Tokyo. The style (a bit of Proust mingled with much traditionally Japanese narrative) is a peculiar triumph, creating its effect by successions of long (but scantily punctuated) sentences that close in on the reader until he becomes completely enmeshed in their magic. It may be added that an even more recent work of Yoshida's, a novella entitled *Kanazawa* (the name of the city), which appeared in the April 1973 issue of the magazine *Bungei,* is also worth reading. This extremely subtle fantasy is dense with Yoshida's reflections on the nature of a true civilization.



"Where were you when I needed you?"

The tales of the second writer, Shōno, usually rated as the outstanding writer of autobiographical fiction, almost always delight readers, and *Wild Duck* is no exception. As in his other stories, nothing dramatic occurs. It's difficult even to speak of the story, for the author simply relates the trivia of everyday life of a middle-class family in Tokyo, presumably his own. The climax of the novel comes when the "hero" mutters, "Time certainly flies, doesn't it?" and himself wonders why he finds this particular cliché so moving! This and other Shōno stories defy all Western approaches for evaluation. Why are his stories so good to read? Why is water so good to drink?

It's hard for me to refrain from mentioning, before concluding this letter, a very Japanese literary custom. Anyone in Japan reaching the age of seventy has the occasion for a celebration, since old age is, by tradition, respected. This year, we are told, twenty-seven writers of this age belong to the Nihon Bungeika Kyōkai (The Association of Japanese Men of Letters), among them the novel-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists Tomoji Abe and Michio Takeyama and the poets Shimpei Kusano and Tozaburo Ono, to name only the most famous. Fortunately, most of these venerable gentlemen are still active, and they were feted by the younger members of the association at a celebration on April 20. As someone once said, "A man should be judged not by what he says but by what he does." This is what our literary men still live by, regardless of their stylistic preferences. Don't believe anyone who tells you Japanese literature has totally changed.

HISAO KANASEKI

St. Lucia, Queensland, Australia

Henry Lawson, Australia's most famous bush poet and short-story writer, spent his last days wandering the streets of Sydney, looking for someone who might buy him a few drinks. His publisher occasionally bribed him with a small loan in return for Lawson's promise to keep his shabby figure away from the publisher's prosperous office until he could repay the money.

Today, Lawson's portrait—in which he appears lean and a little hungry—is printed on every Australian ten-dollar bill.

Lawson at least enjoyed fame (but never prosperity) while he lived and generous recognition by the Treasury once there was no further danger of his becoming a public charge. Other Australian writers have been less fortunate. "In no other country in the civilized world is literary genius so badly treated, so humiliated and crushed and despised and ignored," one Australian critic wrote. Another recalled the grim fate of three gifted literary men: "[Henry] Kendall died in drink-sodden poverty, Bancroft Boake hanged himself, [Adam Lindsay] Gordon shot himself. . . ."

Recognizing the melancholy past history of the country's writers and the dim financial prospects of those now trying to live on royalties, the new Labor government has come up with a scheme that, while it may not produce masterpieces, could reduce the danger of outright starvation.

Full-time writers who convince the Literature Board of the Australian Council of Arts that they "have the literary talent and persistence to produce works of creative literature" will now be eligible for three-year fellowships of as much as $9000 Australian annually. (That is the equivalent of about $12,600 in devalued U.S. dollars, and living costs in Australia are considerably lower than in the United States.)

Those who impress the board a little less or who offer writing plans that are not ambitious enough to justify a three-year fellowship may be granted a total of $3000 Australian (about $4200 U.S.) to $9000 Australian "to give themselves to full-time writing for a period," and there will be smaller grants to other writers "wishing to travel, undertake research, or buy more time."

Established writers whose incomes seesaw from year to year have been invited to join in a scheme that will in some unspecified way guarantee them a basic annual income of at least $6000 Australian (about $8400 U.S.).

The board recently anounced its first awards, but the number of writers who will share in the bounty is still undecided. The board has asked for $1.3 million from the Treasury for next year, and the largest share of that sum is supposed to be used to subsidize writers.

Some critics have already expressed doubts about the program. They're convinced that the hungry members of the literary establishment will exert strong influence over the decisions of the Literature Board and that writers who have no influential friends will not get fair consideration.

More serious objections have been raised by those who were appalled by the results of the government's recent effort to inspire Australian poets by offering $5000 for lyrics to a new national anthem. A genuinely distinguished board of judges plowed through about 2500 entries, then rather diffidently presented the six "best." These six lyrics were widely published and immediately became a national joke. "The first five seem to have been written by illiterates," Prof. A. D. Hope observed. The sixth was quickly withdrawn because it leaned a little too heavily on the words of "Waltzing Matilda," which is still covered by copyright.

In defense, one judge said he had done his duty by weeding out the most paranoid of the entries, which pictured Australia as a lonely and endangered island, surrounded by rapacious hordes. Another of the judges, Ross Campbell, tried to convince Australians that as bad as the six chosen lyrics might seem, the rejected ones had been far worse. He offered as evidence brief selections from three of the unsuccessful entries:

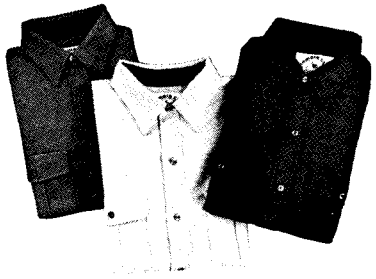
> Advance Australia! Inspire the world
> To preserve mankind from bad.
>
> Minerals, fruit, grain, and stock,
> Steel and oil—we've got the lot!
>
> There once was a land untamed but attractive
> Exacting sweat from our ancestors active.

The government has not paid out the $5000, and there is some doubt now that it will, since no single entry has been chosen. Some Australians favor settling on "Waltzing Matilda," but many others feel it is a rather raffish song, not really suitable for playing at state funerals. As a colleague on the faculty at the University of Queensland said to me, "You wouldn't suggest 'I've Been Working on the Railroad' as a national anthem for the United States, would you?"

Few here see the abortive search for a new national song as a fair test of what happens when a government offers sustenance to writers. Many will be watching to see whether a rather generous program of subsidies leads to the creation of books that may change the habits of Australians (who have never been noted as heavy readers) and gains this continent greater status in world literature.

MYRICK LAND

Rugged Softies



Eddie Bauer chamois cloth shirts are double-fleeced and have a feel of luxury both inside and out. But the sanforized cotton fabric is also tough; dense weave protects you well from wind and weather. Full cut for free action; long shirttails. Men's neck **sizes:** 14-18. **Colors:** Bright Red, Camel Tan, Navy, Moss Green. **1462, $9.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)

Please rush my No. 1462 shirt.

Size_____Color_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____Zip_____

☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. AWB Seattle, Wash. 98124

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Literary Gent

Charles Norman is an all-round literary gent: biographer, novelist, critic, and poet. Here he comes with a book of poetry, *Portents of the Air* (Bobbs-Merrill, September 28). The poems, about nature—ponds, trees, birds—are quite traditional, like this:

BLUE JAY

The blue jay is a bully and a thief;
Just look at his low brow—I'm not surprised.
I put out crumbs for juncos, but you'd think
I rang a bell or struck a gong for him:
He's sidling down, zigzagging from the sky,
Looking around as solemn as an owl
At every roost along the way, and then
He's here and uttering his hoarse cry,
One claw on booty like a buccaneer,
And looking like a buccaneer's tattoo.
Vexed and aloof the little juncos stand,
And watch him feast through windows made of air.

Disembowel

James Agate, the witty theater critic, wrote to a publisher friend:

I would disembowel anybody who proposed a Dickens with any except the original illustrations. As for the fiend who suggested a "Alice" with drawings other than Tenniel's, my dear George, I would have his brains taken out, buttered, and given to the dog.

I agree, and I'd add Gilbert's own illustrations to his *Bab Ballads,* George Herriman's for "archy and mehitabel," and even Gluyas Williams's aids to Benchley. Yet here's *The Illustrators of Alice,* edited by Graham Ovenden and published by St. Martin's Press. Not long ago we suffered through an Alice illustrated by Ralph Steadman and published by Clarkson Potter. And really ugly it was! Alice looked like a young Edith Sitwell with eye make-up. More than 100 illustrators have taken a shot at Alice, and the best work (after Tenniel) has come, not surprisingly, from Arthur Rackham, Peter Newell, Harry Furniss, and, of all people, Lewis Carroll. There are some pretty far-out examples from Max Ernst, editor Ovenden, and Peter Blake in *The Illustrators of Alice*, and the bibliography lists three artists whose illustrations of Alice I've never seen but would like to: Salvador Dali, Oliver Herford, and Marie Laurencin.

Familiar

The name of one of the co-authors attracted me—it had an uncannily familiar ring. The book is *The Patriot Game* by John de St. Jorre and Brian Shakespeare (Houghton Mifflin, October 2), a chase-'em-and-shoot-'em thriller—not usually my dish, but I dipped and got gripped. It is about the troubles in Northern Ireland and what an Irish samurai does to help solve them. The Irish scenes, both northern and southern, are convincing, but I am skeptical when our hero, back to visit his old home in Kerry, brings with him a young lady who shares his bedroom—in his own mother's house.

Best None Too Good

With one volume last year, and two more just out, Viking now offers, complete, *The Fleischmann Commission Report on the Quality, Cost, and Financing of Elementary and Secondary Education in New York State*—quite a snappy title. There are no world-shattering revelations but many interesting observations and recommendations: more emphasis on the good old three *Rs;* high schools neither prepare kids properly for college nor give them occupational training for jobs; we should consolidate small school districts into larger, centralized ones; gifted children get the dirty end of the educational stick.

Just Getting By

Novelist Carol Hill and photographer Bruce Davidson traveled around the United States with a tape recorder and a camera, and the result is a handsome book called *Subsistence U.S.A.,* published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The point was to talk with and photograph individualists who are just barely making it: a Maine Indian, a pair of trappers, a prisoner, a dedicated hitchhiker, a welder. To pluck out just one startling fact from the interview with a man who bills himself as the King of the Hobos:

I used to cook right alongside the road. . . . In the jungles we had pots and pans. Today they got these new skillets, electric skillets they got now, you can cook a meal in 'em. You gotta have a electric cord about one hundred fifty, two hundred feet long. You get around these railroad yards, where you get a plug like that, put in there . . . get your food cooked and you're gone.

Spuds

The Hampton Day School is situated on an ex-potato farm in Bridgehampton, Long Island. Last year, in order to raise funds, the parents put together a book about potatoes and sold it in the local markets. An editor from William Morrow saw a copy and said, "By golly, this deserves wider circulation!" So here we have *The Potato Book,* compiled by Myrna Davis. We get lots of recipes and everything else a potato bug would be interested in: beauty hints, games involving "praties," buying and storing hints. Twenty-three prominent graphic artists, including Tomi Ungerer, Paul Davis, and Milton Glaser, have contributed work on potato themes. The foreword is by Truman Capote, who admits that the only way he can bear to eat a potato is with sour cream and "the freshest, the grayest, the biggest Beluga caviar."

WILLIAM COLE

"Sorry, ladies, but Signor Fellini isn't casting any of his usual crowd-types in the present film."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

HILLBILLY WOMEN
By Kathy Kahn
Doubleday, 305 pp., $6.95

"This book tells what it means to be a woman when you are poor, when you are proud, and when you are a hillbilly. In it, nineteen hillbilly women tell their personal stories of the day-to-day struggle for survival in the southern Appalachian Mountains. And in the hillbilly migrant ghettos in the North . . . This book says that hillbilly women who are angry about their conditions are the rule rather than the exception."

There are some 6 million poor and working-class people in the southern Appalachian Mountains. More than half are women. That Kathy Kahn selected women as her spokesmen has less to do with the women's lib movement than with women as fighters against the exploitation of land and people, against conditions that allow people to live in desperation, and as defenders of people's rights to dignity and self-respect. As one woman says, "In my mind, I can't separate women's rights from *people's* rights."

Ms. Kahn's eloquent, authoritative, totally gripping book stems from her experiences over ten years of living and fighting for people's rights in southern Appalachia. She associated with many of the women in the book, organizing factory and mine workers, forming cooperatives, and fighting for improved health conditions and welfare rights. And she shows how religion, music, and kinship ties have been a salve to everyday life.

Some women are housewives living in coal fields, unable to get employment but holding together the family community; some work outside the home, like Granny Hager, who led the "roving pickets" calling for miners to strike until their conditions were improved; and others "worked all their lives doing men's work—using screwdrivers, electric drills, presses." All of them are angry and fighting for change.

The historical and sociological framework of the problems is set forth in clear fashion by the author. She often interrupts an interview, extracting a phrase or topic to elaborate on its significance in the larger context of the problems these women face and by so doing makes the book all the more powerful.

Without anger, says the author, there won't be any change; the anger seeping through the proud fibers of these women prompts them to constructive action. This book, as Ms. Kahn hopes, will not be read and put on the shelf to collect dust. Ms. Kahn etches a compelling portrait of the problems of southern Appalachia, but equally important, she suggests channels through which the inhabitants and outsiders can help.

DENA KAYE

•

SAINT JACK
By Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 247 pp., $5.95

Jack Flowers is a philosopher-pimp. A middle-aged American ship chandler entrenched in Singapore, he moonlights by arranging happy diversions for visitors to that busy port. Jack has an unruffled outlook on his occupation: He views catering to men's needs as gratifying, even commendable, work. "What made me move," he says, "was . . . my priestly vocation, my nursing instinct, . . . my wish to head off any cruelty, my singular ache to be lucky; and I did it for fortune."

Through the eyes of this benign panderer, Paul Theroux portrays Singapore in the mid-Sixties, a helter-skelter city as much in mid-life transition as Jack Flowers is. The musty old cat houses to which Flowers steers visitors are the last vestiges of Oriental exoticism—they coexist with nearby supermarkets, lunch counters, A & W drive-ins, and other Occidental institutions.

Looking at the curious tapestry of his life, Jack assesses his position: He has, at fifty-three, secured aid and comfort for strangers and livelihood for his "girls." A reasonable transaction. There is plenty of time—forty years more, he figures—for riches and fame.

Such introspective meanderings give shape to this fast, free-flowing novel. Jack and his crowd of drinking buddies, Chinese merchants, prostitutes, expatriates, and lowlifes are splendidly conceived and carefully drawn. And they are quickened with the wit of an author in command of his craft. At age thirty-two, Theroux already has five novels to his name. We can hope for many, many more.

HARRIET HEYMAN

"Yoo-hoo! Mr. Guru! Yoo-hoo! You have a customer: Mrs. Allan Farrington, president of the Patchogue Women's Club, is here to sign you up for a lecture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
© 1973 Philip W. Quigg. All rights reserved.

The Law of the Sea Conference Shows Some Promise, But...

In a recent issue of the British journal *Your Environment,* Brian Johnson, a knowledgeable environmentalist at the University of Sussex, wrote a devastating article under the title, "The U.N. Conference on the Loss of the Sea." He was alluding, of course, to the Law of the Sea Conference, which has been in preparation for two and a half years and is scheduled to take place next spring in Santiago.

Johnson is not cut in the mold of either the doomsdayer or the U.N. baiter. But he asserted that if the oceans continued to be unmanaged or mismanaged, our planet could become uninhabitable or not worth inhabiting early in the next century. "It is therefore a little chilling," he continued, "to realize that the preparations for the Law of the Sea Conference are being conducted in such a way and under such technical and procedural conditions that the outcome is likely to produce one or other of these [results]. . . . It looks like business as usual pending annihilation."

Is there justification for such pessimism? At the time Johnson wrote, his jaundiced view seemed fully warranted. Most nations appeared determined to consider the exploitation of the seabed and the management of the oceans as two separate issues. The subcommittee concerned with preservation of the marine environment was consistently given the lowest priority. And preparatory meetings were long on ideological rhetoric but short on informed delegations, strong on tough bargaining but weak in demonstrating a comprehension of the real stakes involved.

Now observers of this summer's eight-week meeting note a difference and some indications of genuine progress. The problems, however, remain formidable:

1. The issues are so intricate and interrelated, the interests so varied and conflicting, that this is the most complex global conference ever undertaken (see boxes).

2. The United Nations' Seabed Committee, which is serving as the preparatory committee for the conference, is composed of an unmanageable ninety-one members but has a secretariat with only five professionals.

3. Because territorial issues are involved, with sharp differences of definition and claims, the most basic issues of sovereignty and defense are also involved.

4. The issues under debate are both heavy with common-law traditions and explosive with revolutionary concepts of states' rights.

Ostensibly, the long preparatory session this summer was to achieve a clear statement of the alternatives and an understanding of the consequences of each. Drawing on U.N. documentation and national position papers, "comparative tables" were prepared, giving the full range of opinions on each aspect of every issue. This procedure proved to be exhausting but productive. Gradually the three committees and their many working groups moved to "consolidated texts," in which the alternatives were reduced and refined.

In midsummer the Sierra Club's *International Report* stated that "so far, the governments are intent on grabbing as much as possible without regard for equitable sharing or environmental consequences." While this was true, other observers who had attended earlier preparatory meetings were encouraged by the improved level of debate and by the evidence that countries were beginning seriously to define their national interests on the specific issues. This meant a shift away from ideological rhetoric and the breakdown of bloc thinking. For some countries this meant a hardening of positions, but, prodded by Venezuela and Fiji, other delegations showed a disposition to compromise. Still others continued to insist on keeping all options open and every pawn in play.

The critical process of negotiation had begun, but it hardly could be said that a consensus was yet forming on the tough issues. The long session ended on a note of pessimism. Doubt was cast on whether the conference could be held on schedule (and whether Santiago offered a propitious political climate). The General Assembly will have to decide later this fall whether the preparations must be prolonged.

The Conference's Terms of Reference

- The establishment of an equitable international regime, including international seabed machinery for the area and the resources of the seabed and the ocean floor and the subsoil thereof, beyond the limits of national jurisdiction.
- A precise definition of the area.
- Related issues, including those concerning the regimes of the high seas, the continental shelf, the territorial sea and contiguous zone (including the question of its breadth and the question of international straits).
- Fishing and conservation of the living resources of the high seas (including the question of the preferential rights of coastal states).
- The preservation of the marine environment (including, *inter alia*, the prevention of pollution) and scientific research.

A SAMPLING OF QUESTIONS ON THE LAW OF THE SEA

What should be the limits of territorial sovereignty? . . . How do fishing rights relate to the new boundaries? . . . Can (or should) historic rights of free passage through costal zones, straits, and archipelagoes be preserved? . . . What are the rights of landlocked states? . . . If an international regime for the oceans is established, what should be its authority? . . . What are the economic, technological, and environmental implications of deep seabed mining? . . . If there are profits, how should they be equitably distributed? . . . Will freedom of oceanic research be preserved? . . . How can the marine environment be protected? . . . Should common international pollution standards be imposed on all nations? . . . Is a nation entitled to impose higher standards in its own territorial waters? . . . Should environmental impact statements be required before any new exploitation of the oceans is permitted? . . . Which U.N. agency should have primary responsibility for implementing environmental provisions? . . . What machinery should be established to settle disputes?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Global Report

Washington—Viruses have long been considered a safe and efficient substitute for chemical pesticides, especially because they have the great advantage of attacking only one species (or a few related species) of insect. But thus far they have been tried only experimentally. Now the EPA has approved the production and nationwide marketing of a viral pesticide for use in fighting the cotton and tobacco bollworms. It will be manufactured by International Minerals and Chemical Corporation under the name Viron/H.

Tselinograd, USSR—It was not here in the heart of the virgin lands that the globally felt crop failures of last year occurred; they were recorded in the Soviet Union's traditional agricultural areas, where high-yield seeds are vulnerable to aberrations in the weather. Here in Kazakhstan the weather is always bad—dry, perpetually windy, and short in its growing season—but last year the republic had the best harvest in the eighteen years of the virgin lands experiment. As a result, political leaders and the public now look on the area with a new interest and appreciation.

Alain Jacob of *The Guardian* reports that the recurring problems of the virgin lands have been licked. He attributes the success to the work of the Institute of Grain Research, established in 1957 especially to develop strategies suited to the area; to the belated adoption by the government of its recommendations, including a higher priority for delivery of machinery and fertilizer; and to a shift among the settlers themselves from an attitude of deep skepticism to one of conviction that the region's thin soil and harsh climate can be made to yield regular and productive harvests.

Among the developments employed are a new seed with high resistance to drought; sophisticated machinery for tilling, seeding, fertilizing, and tamping down the soil in one operation; and the practice of keeping the fields covered in straw and stubble to retain moisture and prevent wind erosion.

Lincoln, England—In heightened form this historic town illustrates a growing dilemma in Britain—one that in this case has brought on a sharp local battle and a bitter confrontation with the central government's Department of the Environment. A medieval town with Roman walls, Lincoln is one of the loveliest cities in England, and scores of its historic buildings and monuments are officially listed for preservation. But conservation on so comprehensive a scale, it can be argued, is a sentence to permanent non-development and an intolerable burden on the tax structure.

In defiance of London, the Lincoln city council has been tearing down preserved buildings and knocking out Roman walls at a devastating rate, replacing them with oversized, ugly

Territorial Waters

(See Article on Previous Page.)

It was only a few years ago that Peru claimed sovereign rights 200 miles out to sea in defiance of a *de jure* three-mile limit and a *de facto* twelve-mile limit. It asserted its claim by arresting fishing boats that ventured into this zone. At that time the action seemed quixotic, designed to monopolize the richest fishing waters in the world. But other countries, particularly in South America, quickly followed suit. Today, one of the few near-certainties of the Law of the Sea Conference appears to be that this definition of territorial waters will be accepted: 200 miles to sea or to the limits of the continental shelf—whichever is farther. This will happen quite simply because there are enough countries that anticipate riches therefrom to constitute an ample majority. But since most of the wealth, especially the attainable wealth, of the oceans and the sea floor lies in this 200-mile zone, the decision will be a blow to the concept of equitable sharing.

Weight vs. Toxicity

In the environmental field, as in others, disputes over statistics are commonplace. One reason is that the data are often unreliable. Another is that different statistics, all more or less accurate, can be used to score different points. Take, for example, figures for atmospheric pollution by source.

The adjoining box gives quantities of major pollutants by weight, which is the usual way to measure them. It shows the automobile to be the archvillain, causing nearly three times as much pollution as any other source listed. But how relevant is this statistic? The Environmental Protection Agency reports that sulphur oxides, which are emitted almost entirely from stationary sources, are 10.5 times more toxic to human beings than carbon monoxide. Sulphur oxides are hazardous in quantities of .33 parts per million, whereas the comparable figure for carbon monoxide is 37.5 ppm. Motor vehicles, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, emit only 4 percent of the sulphur oxides and 8 percent of particulates. Of the five most dangerous atmospheric contaminates as established by the EPA, vehicles account for only 29 percent, while industry, power plants, home heating, and other stationary sources emit 71 percent.

But again we can ask the same question: How relevant is this statistic? The automobile is down in the streets with us, where we are breathing. The stacks of stationary polluters do help to disperse pollutants (though not as much as they may seem to). The moral is not to let the motor vehicle off the hook but to keep moving on all fronts without demonizing one source or institution.

(Readers interested in more on this subject may write for a free copy of *Public Interest Report: Solutions to Stationary Sources of Pollution,* Environmental Education Group, 1543 North Martel, Los Angeles, California 90046.)

SOURCES OF ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION IN THE U.S.

Millions of Tons per Year

	Carbon Monoxide	*Particulates*	*Sulphur Dioxide*	*Hydrocarbons*	*Nitrogen Oxides*	*Percent of Total by Source*
Motor Vehicles	64.7	1.1	0.9	45.7	36.6	*44.2*
Transportation (misc.)	9.0	1.2	2.4	7.2	10.5	*7.2*
Fuel Combustion in Stationary Sources	1.2	20.5	73.0	2.4	42.0	*15.7*
Industrial Processes	7.9	40.8	22.5	14.7	0.8	*14.1*
Solid Waste Disposal	5.2	4.0	0.6	5.3	1.7	*4.2*
Miscellaneous	12.0	32.4	0.6	24.7	8.4	*14.6*
Percent of Total by Component	*53.8*	*12.5*	*11.9*	*13.3*	*8.5*	*100.0*

Source: Office of Science and Technology

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office buildings, a shopping center, and a multistory parking garage. What makes the situation especially nasty is that planning is alleged to have been done in secrecy, has failed to abide even by local ordinances, and has provided those having the responsibility for representing conservation interests with substantial financial benefits from the developments.

Tokyo—Within one week, (a) the Tokyo Environmental Protection Bureau reported that the auto-exhaust-control laws, which went into effect last May, had done next to nothing to reduce photochemical smog and that the only present recourse was to reduce traffic by 20 percent; and (b) a professor at Yokohama National University hypothesized that it was not autos that were responsible but airplanes. His theory is that as planes pass through an inversion layer at an altitude of about 3000 feet, the sun oxidizes their exhaust gases. Circumstantially supporting his theory is the fact that photochemical smog has often been found where traffic density is low.

Bremen—The natural-gas bus that was first used to shuttle Olympic athletes in Munich is now in regular service here and receiving rave notices from the public. Remarkably clean and quiet, it is nevertheless extravagant in the use of fuel and expensive to operate. The liquid gas must be kept refrigerated at a temperature of minus 161 degrees Centigrade (minus 258 degrees Fahrenheit) and is about ten times as expensive as diesel fuel. Moreover, the natural-gas bus gets only two and a half miles per gallon, compared with eight mpg under diesel power.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana—Although studies of man's impact on ecosystems abound, studies of the impact of ecosystems on man are rare except in the field of health. Almost as rare are environmental studies conducted jointly by social and natural scientists. Now Louisiana State's Latin American Studies Institute, which is loaded with sociologists, anthropologists, economists, and the like, is combining forces with the university's Center for Wetland Resources, made up of marine biologists, oceanographers, estuarine ecologists, and their kith, to study "the ecological impact of coastlines and inland waterways on populations in Latin America."

The topic is of some importance because until recently most countries of Central and South America that have been inland oriented, with populations concentrated in highland areas away from the coast, are now looking toward the tropical shorelines for economic and demographic expansion. Mexico has been exploiting its Caribbean lowlands for some years, as has Colombia more recently. But other Central American countries have hardly begun. Colonization will bring problems of cultural and psychological adaptation, as well as those of fashioning a livelihood in a totally new environment.

Lagos—A national Coordinating Committee on Environmental Planning is being established to advise the Nigerian government on how best "we can protect our environment and improve the quality of life." In announcing the committee, the federal commissioner for Economic Development and Reconstruction, Dr. Adebayo Adedeji, observed that advanced industrial societies have no monopoly on environmental problems. He then went on to suggest—in the words of a government news release—that the solution to Nigeria's environmental problems "must be found not in the conservation of irreplaceable resources but in a well-calculated and properly organized frontal attack on poverty through the promotion of rapid socioeconomic development. Rapid but planned and controlled economic growth," Dr. Adedeji pointed out, "will enable us to generate the income with which necessary improvements in our environment can be undertaken."

Wilmington, Delaware—"Urban homesteading" is the term used here to describe a plan for getting rid of run-down, city-owned houses in a socially responsible way. Vacant houses are being given free to heads of households who are willing and able to rehabilitate them. The homesteader is given a list of required renovation and cost estimates and a list of reputable contractors and suppliers. He then has eighteen months in which to bring his house up to city code standards. He must agree to live in the house for three years.

Rome—The state electricity board, which provides 85 percent of Italy's total output, is running out of juice. The board's president, Arnaldo Maria Angelini, foresees a severe shortage in eighteen months; and if the situation does not change soon, he warns that the supply may never catch up with the demand.

As elsewhere, environmentalists and local officials are blamed, because they have prevented or delayed the con-

Detente Aids ECE

One of the beneficiaries of Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik, of the admission of both Germanys to the United Nations, and of the East-West talks in Helsinki is the environmental work of the Economic Commission for Europe *(World Environment Newsletter,* October 24, 1972). Although particular sectoral committees had previously done some moderately useful work in specific areas, such as housing and air and water pollution, other efforts were bogged down by East-West political jockeying.

As the only European-wide organization (which by historical accident includes the United States), ECE has a potentially useful role to play, and it now appears to have made a breakthrough in that direction. More than two years ago the member countries recognized the need for a body that would serve to provide some policy and program coordination to the ECE's rather disjointed work in the environment field. They agreed to the creation of the Senior Advisers to ECE Governments on Environmental Problems. But for political reasons two years elapsed before the first meeting of the advisers was held last spring, after two postponements. Even then the meeting foundered for two days before the mood of the delegates turned constructive. Although it is not entirely clear what produced the change, two major influences appear to have been at work. One was the impact of a statement by Maurice Strong, executive director of the United Nations Environment Program—made earlier but repeated at the ECE meeting—that the U.N. regional economic commissions would be major instruments for the execution of the action plan decided on at Stockholm. The other was that governments advocating East-West cooperation in Helsinki, not least the Soviets, decided that they could ill afford to be balky when the occasion came to practice what they had been preaching. In any event, during the remainder of the meeting they put together an ambitious work plan that goes beyond that proposed to them by their secretariat.

The "Program of Work and Priorities" agreed upon is for the short term—the period 1973–74—and is so comprehensive as to defy brief summation. Later this year the senior advisers are scheduled to meet again in Geneva to develop a long-term program.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction of new power plants. But another factor is that the board is deeply in debt and can obtain capital only through costly bond issues. Italy imports some of its electricity to supply its northern districts and the only immediate solution is to import more.

London—"No country in the world," said an opposition spokesman in Parliament during a debate on the government's proposed cutback of rail service, "has a railway system that is judged by commercial accounting standards, and I don't know how much longer it is sensible for us to believe that we can be different from anyone else." Mr. Fred Mulley is obviously not a student of the United States. He, however, was looking toward the Continent, where, he said, with far higher subsidies the French railway system lost four times, the German five times, and the Italian six times as much as British Rail. His figures for losses plus subsidies for the three railroads came to well over $5 billion for the year. Congress, please note.

QUOTES

"A Rather Difficult Position"

Father Arthur McCormack, M.H.M., is one of the Roman Catholic church's most knowledgeable students of population problems. The following extracts are taken from his latest book, The Population Explosion: A Christian Concern *(Harper, $1.95), in which he treats the subject with remarkable candor and conciseness.*

The Catholic church finds itself in a rather difficult position. On the one hand, it is facing a world in which family planning seems to be absolutely necessary in most circumstances. On the other hand, it bans all methods but one of effecting this control. There is no doubt that this makes its witness less effective in other areas, for example, in its efforts to oppose abortion or to promote economic and social programs. . . . One must realize that, *as it stands at present,* the rhythm method *alone* does not play a major part in stemming the population explosion. . . . The Church should honestly admit these facts and not present the rhythm method as the only means of coping with the population situation when it is not an adequate means of family planning and when it is not being, and will probably not be, used extensively.

The Monster of Population

In an address sponsored by the Population Institute before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Lord Caradon, ambassador to the United Nations and a member of the cabinet in Britain's last Labor government, reminisced about his personal experience with population problems:

I was, many years ago, governor of Jamaica, and in the ten years or so that I served there we were wonderfully fortunate. We discovered what is, I think, the largest deposit of bauxite in the world. Capital flowed in from the United States and Canada, the tourist industry boomed, and for the first time we had money to spend. And how we enjoyed spending it! At the end of ten years we looked around, and you know, we hadn't gone forward at all; we'd gone backwards.

The monster of population had not only gained on us—it had caught up with us. When we built a school, it wasn't a question of how many people we would put in the school, but how many children we had to shut out. When we built a hospital, it wasn't a question of how many beds in the hospital but how many people waiting to get into each bed. When we built a light industry, it merely accentuated the terrible gulf between the few who were earning high rates of pay and the great mass of people who were living below the subsistence level. So I learned for myself my first lesson in these matters: In a poor country you cannot achieve economic development without at the same time taking hold of population problems.

I went to Iran two years ago as the chairman of a United Nations mission. We went, early on, to one of the world's great maternity hospitals in Tehran. I was astonished, in this traditional Moslem country of Iran, to see how very high was the proportion of women admitted to this maternity hospital suffering from the terrible results of amateur and cruel abortions. It seemed particularly surprising to me in Iran. I wondered how it could be, and I soon found out. In Iran, if you are a girl, you are likely to get married at fifteen, and then you set to work on non-stop childbearing until you can't bear any more. That is in the villages and in the towns as well. It is not altogether surprising, in such a form of serfdom, that so many women attempt to escape, even at the cost of the humiliation and the dreadful pain that may result from illegal abortion.

So I learned the second lesson of my life: Population control isn't only a matter of economic necessity; it is a matter of human compassion.

One Billion Chinese

On the basis of observation and interviews during his China visit, plus some persuasive deductive reasoning, Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times* concludes that China's population is not 750 million, as is officially claimed, but is close to 1 billion. Moreover, he thinks the 2 percent growth rate, which the Chinese claim to have achieved, is in fact a goal and that the real figure is considerably higher. He reports that, while the Chinese government is taking the problem seriously and the campaign for late marriages is reasonably effective in the cities, rural girls are still marrying young, contraceptives are *not* widely used, and declining death rates are offsetting possible declines in birth rates.

"They Do Not Perform Evil"

Five years ago the Roman Catholic Bishops' Conference of Indonesia issued a statement permitting a measure of freedom of individual conscience in matters of family planning. However, its ambiguity led to more problems than it solved. Therefore, more recently the Indonesian bishops issued a statement of clarification, which read in part:

There are parents who are troubled because from the one side they feel the obligation to regulate births, but from the other they are not able to fulfill this obligation by temporary or absolute sexual abstinence. In these circumstances, they decide responsibly and do not need to feel that they have sinned if they employ other methods provided that the human dignity of wife or husband is not diminished or provided that the means employed do not go against human life (i.e., abortion and permanent sterilization) and provided that medical responsibility is upheld.

Medical personnel are directly involved in these problems of parents. They, and also Catholic medical institutions, do not perform evil if they responsibly advise and aid the request of parents who desire to avoid a new pregnancy by employing other methods than total or periodical sexual abstinence. However, they must always hold that provoked abortion and permanent sterilization for regulating births are absolutely forbidden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Music—A Case of Arrested Decay

By Roy McMullen

Erich Lessing: Magnum

Rolf Liebermann, general manager of the Paris Opéra, and producer Giorgio Strehler (foreground) during rehearsals of "Le Nozze di Figaro."

In the mid-Sixties André Malraux, General de Gaulle's imperious, grandeur-minded minister for cultural affairs, came upon the open secret that, musically speaking, France was far from prestigious. The Paris Opéra was becoming a mausoleum for the reputations of a succession of general managers; the Opéra-Comique was an anachronism playing *La Bohème* to a usually two-thirds–empty house. No French symphony orchestra was in the class of the best formations of Europe and America. Half the members of the musicians' union were usually unemployed. A survey had revealed that musical education in the country was almost an international joke. There were, of course, some isolated bright spots in the picture, but they were not enough to affect the prevailing impression of advanced decay.

Malraux reacted in 1966 by adding to his ministry a new section for musical affairs, headed by composer Marcel Landowski. Under Malraux's successors, the effort to arrest the decay has continued. Is it succeeding? There are signs that it is. Some of these signs may imply too much willingness to bet that quantity will turn into quality and that new hardware will somehow call into existence the required software. But they nonetheless add up to impressive evidence of what a strongly centralized government, when properly frightened, can do about a cultural deficiency.

A start was made in 1967 by creating the Orchestre de Paris, an elite outfit composed, presumably, of the 110 best instrumentalists in the nation, all dressed in new Cardin suits. Astonishingly, this was the first big "permanent" orchestra (except for those supported by the radio) in modern French history—the first, that is, to have an exclusive right to the full time of salaried members. Another innovation, intended to cure the traditionally lackadaisical attitude of French orchestra men and to detect any symptoms of aging lips and arthritic fingers, was the institution of periodic reauditions for each musician before an unsentimental jury. The results have been undeniably brilliant, if sometimes a bit more showy than artistic. A morale problem has been generated, however, by a long search for a director capable of providing the final infusion of energy and coherence that can make the difference between a merely expert orchestra and a singing one with a musical heart. Charles Munch, the first director, died in 1968 during a tour of the United States. Herbert von Karajan took over and soon demonstrated that his other obligations did not leave him enough time for the job. Sir Georg Solti is now in the post, and his drive and sensitivity would seem to be exactly what are required. But he, too, has other obligations, and already there are rumors (totally unconfirmed) that he is unhappy with French musicians.

The signs of change are more recent and more spectacular at the Paris Opéra, where the Swiss composer and impresario Rolf Liebermann, armed with a reputation acquired during his exciting reign at the Hamburg Opera, has been general manager since the first of the year. He began his Paris season with a production of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* that was marred by heavily inappropriate sets and costumes, derived from the ornate symbolist paintings of Gustave Moreau; but he quickly balanced this error with a splendid version of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to which Giorgio Strehler contributed a *mise en scène* full of sly erotic, social, and political nuances. Since then productions of *Parsifal* and *Il Trovatore* have fortified the feeling that this time, maybe, the Opéra has really been saved. The orchestra has been enlarged to 145 players, which means that each production can have its own orchestra. A brand-new chorus, created by auditioning 700 voices, has been described by Liebermann, with considerable justification, as "probably the best opera chorus in the world." An old law limiting the number of foreign singers to 10 percent of the total engaged has been repealed. Gone forever are the days when a matronly French soprano could count on a good role simply because she was French—and perhaps had an influential protector somewhere in the government.

Is Liebermann being a bit too conservative? To this he has several answers. He believes that the Paris Opéra needs

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a repertoire of classics as a base from which to launch experiments. He promises that his production of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, scheduled for the fall, will be "a shock." He has commissioned new works by such thoroughly modern, if not quite avant-garde, French composers as Olivier Messiaen and André Jolivet and has approached, apparently so far unsuccessfully, Pierre Boulez: "I've invited him to write an opera for Paris in order to ward off our doing *Rigoletto*, which he finds *insupportable*." Also, he has decided to stage some afternoon jazz concerts, largely because he wants to correct the notion that the Opéra is just a place for snobs in black ties. "You have got to demystify the house," he says, "in order to attract a new public. It's the theater, not opera, that puts people off."

MORE SERIOUS than the alleged conservatism is the complaint that the Gaullist government, eager for international prestige, is giving Liebermann more than his fair share of the available public funds. This year the Paris Opéra will receive a state subsidy of more than $13 million, which is roughly half the total national budget for music. The usual official answer to complainers is that the Opéra must be first-rate if it is to survive at all and that, anyway, as Voltaire or somebody once said, music is the most expensive noise except for cannon blasts. A better answer might be that the cannons, not Liebermann, are too greedy. During 1973 the French military establishment will absorb 17 percent of the national budget; the entire Ministry for Cultural Affairs will get 0.50 percent, and the music department will get about one tenth of its ministry's money.

Such facts make some other achievements all the more remarkable. The Opéra-Comique has been granted its obvious death wish and has been replaced by the Paris Opéra-Studio, which will serve as a workshop for young singers, conductors, producers, decorators, and administrators. Seven regional "grand" opera houses, each with its own permanent company, are being created in the provinces, along with eighteen smaller houses. Already functioning in the "grand" category are the Opéra de Lyon and the Opéra du Rhin, which serve Strasbourg, Mulhouse, and Colmar. Also functioning are the new Orchestre de Lyon and the Orchestre des Pays de la Loire; nearly ready to go are new symphony orchestras for Bordeaux, Strasbourg, and Toulouse. Provincial forty-five–man chamber orchestras, called *formations Mozart*, are being founded at the rate of two a year; eventually there will be eighteen of them, to match the eighteen smaller opera houses. Twenty-man groups, called *formations C* in the ministry's jargon, are appearing at a rate of three a year, with a target total of twenty-seven. (All of these orchestras are partly dependent on local subsidies.) One result of this activity has been a sudden, severe shortage of good string players. Another result, if quantity really does turn into quality, should be a quietus for the ancient insult that in cultural France there is Paris, and then there is the desert.

In addition to these official, public recipients of government subsidies, there are twenty private associations, known as *formations conventionnées*, that will be receiving varying amounts of the French taxpayers' money this year. Among the better known to foreign listeners are Ars Nova, the Domaine Musical, and the Percussions de Strasbourg, all of which promote modern music; the Parrenin and Loewenguth string quartets; and the chamber orchestras of Paul Kuentz and Jean François Paillard. To qualify for occasional state aid, these organizations —or, more usually, the people who engage them—must meet certain requirements, which normally include a reasonably low price for concert tickets, an effort to attract an audience of students and workers, and an emphasis, if feasible, on the work of living composers.

WHEN AWARENESS of the crisis first became acute, there was agreement that one root of the trouble was educational. In spite of union worries about their jobless members, the plainly, often sourly audible fact was that France did not have enough professional musicians of the first rank. Equally plain was the absence of a musically cultivated public large enough to support existing institutions and exigent enough to call for serious reforms. Action on these problems has been inevitably slow, but it is under way, partly with help from the Ministry of Education and from municipal authorities. The Conservatoire National Supérieur in Paris, which has been supplying the nation with its major composers and best performers since the time of Napoleon, has added a postgraduate department for particularly gifted students. New methods for teaching music appreciation, borrowed largely from the work of Zoltán Kodály in Hungary and of Carl Orff in Germany, have been developed in French primary schools. Special government *animateurs*, whose mission is to stimulate and coordinate local musical activity, have been sent to apparently backward areas.

Proceeding on the assumption that musical research can lead to musical creation, the Paris planners have dreamed up the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique-Musique, which may be in existence by 1976 and will be part of the Centre Beaubourg, the ultramodern contemporary-art complex now under construction near the recently demolished central markets, Les Halles, on the Right Bank. The institute will be concerned with such matters as the development of new microtonal scales, new instruments, and new electronic sounds. Boulez is said to be thinking seriously about ending his eight-year, self-imposed exile from France and accepting the institute directorship, which has been offered to him by President Pompidou. One could scarcely ask for stronger evidence of the change in the climate of the French musical establishment. □

FOR THE
DISCRIMINATING VISITOR
TO NEW YORK

HOTEL
Bedford

A small, quiet hotel for the guest who appreciates attentive personal service. All rooms feature fully-equipped efficiency kitchenettes, color television & air conditioning.

Superb food served in our friendly dining room and cocktail lounge.

Family suites at moderate rates.

Convenient to business areas, shopping and theaters.

Write Dept. W for reservations and information.

118 East 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016
Bet. Park and Lexington Avenues
(212) 697-4800

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walter S. Clark
Fatehpur Sikri—"Lingering legends about prowling leopards, howling jackals."

A Tale of Three Cities

By Dena Kaye

On the Taj Express, which rolls from New Delhi to Agra in three hours, the seats recline to induce horizontal reverie, and an attendant in a beige jacket brings drinks and serves a proper meal on chalk-white china.

Riding in this sort of style across the Indian flatlands recently, I found it is altogether possible to see three of India's capitals in a day or so of hard running. There is New Delhi, which I saved until the last; Agra, the capital of Mogul emperors for more than a hundred years during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the splendid dead city of Fatehpur Sikri, from which Akbar the Great ruled the Mogul Empire for fourteen years until political troubles called him away and the red-sandstone compound ran out of water.

When the Taj Express pulled into the station at Agra, the trappings of first-class travel, evocative of Phileas Fogg's grand style, disappeared, leaving a clear view of grimy reality. One linguist has suggested that the word *agra* means "extreme heat," and at that moment I believed it wholeheartedly. The train station enclosed crowds in hot moisture.

Outside the depot, cabs have replaced the horse-drawn buggies that, thirty years ago, carried visitors to the Taj Mahal, but we elected to rent a car and visit the hollow city first. At Clark's-Shiraz Hotel, air-conditioned cars with drivers are readily available for about $25 (including the wait and return trip) to take one to the gate of Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-four miles from Agra.

The morning we made the trip, people flowed down the newly paved road toward a small village festival, midway between Agra and Fatehpur Sikri. Children piled into carts, and animals dutifully followed their owners. Out of the khaki-colored fields glided women wrapped in earth-colored saris.

The activity ended abruptly at the edge of town, like a lamp when its cord is pulled. Just ahead of us rose Fatehpur Sikri, inert on a hillock. Here, in the sixteenth century, was an imperial capital, reportedly more impressive and populous than London. Now, it is a red-sandstone shell of a city, its mosques, palaces, mansions, expansive courtyards still in place. The only audible voice is the patter of the guide, the only sound that of the hooting owls.

The original Sikri was a small town inhabited by stonecutters. The Muslim holy man Shaikh Salim Chisti came here to meditate for days on end in a grotto. Emperor Akbar heard of the holy man and, hoping to fulfill his great desire for a son, came to seek the saint's blessings. When a son was born, the emperor named him after Salim and decided to transfer his capital from Agra to Sikri. He renamed the town after his military conquests, Fatehpur Sikri, which means "Sikri, place of victory."

Building the city took five years. By 1574, over a hundred years before Louis XIV ensconced himself at Versailles, Akbar was holding court. Fatehpur Sikri is a composite of two main areas. One courtyard is bordered by the imperial mosque, by the victory gateway (said to be Asia's highest), and by the saint's tomb. In the capital city itself are the private residences and public halls.

Akbar, known for his energy, statesmanship, courage, and social polish, may have been the leader of the world's first important ecumenical movement. His attitude of tolerance shows in the architecture of his capital, a mixture of Hindu and Muslim styles. In a personal expression of his open-minded spirit, he took three chief wives, one Hindu, one Christian, one Muslim—a bit of history that delighted my guide.

Standing in the Pachchist, or main courtyard, where Akbar once played chess with slave girls as living pieces, my leader said, "Excuse me"—his favorite attention-getter—"over there is Christian lady house, so well covered with frescoes in gold and colors that it can be known as 'Golden House.' " In the same courtyard is a variety of intriguing sights: the Panch Mahal, a five-story building resembling a Buddhist temple; the Emperor's Fountain, once filled with rose water; the Astrologer's Seat; and the Hall of the Private Audience.

Paradoxically, the liveliest part of Fatehpur Sikri today is the white-marble mausoleum of the divine Salim Chisti. The tomb lies under a fancy canopy, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and guarded, so they say, by descendants of the saint. Every year thousands of childless women come to seek the same blessing bestowed on the emperor four centuries ago.

Compared with the dead city, Agra's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taj Mahal seems alive and not at all like a memorial. If it is not a civic capital, it is surely the marble capital of romance. But what is left to say about the Taj Mahal? It appears all at once, a snowy palace framed by the strawberry-colored main gateway. Somehow the truth of infinite rhapsodies about the Taj is revealed in a single glance.

In the shimmering white heat of midday, I walked into the walled gardens. A rectangular pool with dark cypresses standing guard on either side reflected the milky image of Shah Jahan's memorial of love for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal. From here one sees the perfect proportions of the Taj and, curiously, feels a quality of detachment.

Still, one approaches this wonder with the reverence due a sacred place. It seems only fitting that when you go into the mausoleum, your shoes must be covered with cloth boots, as is the custom in Muslim mosques. The entrance to the tomb is an archway, soaring upward more than ninety feet, inscribed with verses from the Koran. Under the dome, slightly smaller than Michelangelo's at St. Peter's in Rome, are the tombs of Shah Jahan and his wife.

The Taj Mahal rose at a time when the Mogul Empire could gather the finest resources available. Marble was brought from Makrana, sandstone from Sikri. The mines of India, Afghanistan, and Persia supplied semiprecious stones for the *pietra dura* inlay, stones set into marble tile. One flower has some sixty different pieces, even though it measures only a square inch. Shah Jahan built an entire city (which still stands) for the 20,000 laborers who completed the memorial in seventeen years. The cost of reproducing so stupendous a structure today has been estimated at $70 million.

Originally, Shah Jahan had intended that his own body rest in a replica of the Taj, built of black marble, the two mausoleums united by a black-and-white marble bridge. Unfortunately, he was deposed by his son, Aurangzeb, before the project was begun. But the visitor will not feel deprived, for after seeing the Taj, he will agree with the traveler who remarked, "Let the inhabitants of the world be divided into two classes, them as has seen the Taj Mahal and them as hasn't."

Although Shah Jahan is best known for having built the Taj Mahal, he made other remarkable contributions to Agra, the capital city of his grandfather, Emperor Akbar, and his father, Jahangir.

To Agra's Red Fort, begun by Akbar, Shah Jahan added the Moti Masjid, the Pearl Mosque, and the throne room in the Hall of Public Audiences, with its inlaid mosaics. Other treasures include additions to Jahangir's palace and the Private Palace, with the storied Sheesh Mahal (the Palace of Mirrors), which was the bath of the palace and the dressing room of the harem.

An English visitor who saw both capitals, Agra and Fatehpur Sikri, observed, "The king hath in Agra and Fatehpur Sikri 100 elephants, 30,000 horses, 14,000 tame deer, 800 concubines, a store of leopards, tigers, buffaloes, cocks, and hawks." But the glory of these two centers was relatively short lived compared with that of Delhi, the site of at least seven royal cities.

In Delhi "one finds traders... saffron-robed Hindu *sadhus*, bearded Muslim *sufis*, Sikh ascetics, moneylenders, sweepers, and astrologers."

No one really knows when the plain between the Ridge and the Jumna River was first inhabited. The original settlement may have been made 3000 years ago, during India's age of epics. Legend says that here was the city of Indraprastha, the capital of the royal Pandavas and the scene of much that is recorded in the *Mahabharata,* the epic poem of Aryan India. Since then, residents have watched dynasties come and go. Razed by conquerors and used as quarries by later builders, the first six Delhis are in ruins. The seventh city is the Delhi listed in the Post Office; the eighth, the New Delhi of the daily news.

Spacious New Delhi was opened in 1931, a planned capital town. Designed by Sir Edwin L. Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker, the form of the city may have been inspired by P. C. L'Enfant's plan for Washington, D.C., and Sir Christopher Wren's design for London after the Great Fire. The newest Delhi is crossed with expansive, tree-lined boulevards converging on landscaped roundabouts, reflecting pools, and parks. There are imposing government buildings of mixed Palladian classic and Indian design, modern hotels, a colonnaded shopping area with goods from the different states, and a chic residential area, Golf Links.

Some rooms at the Oberoi Inter-Continental Hotel overlook the golf course. The Inter-Continental is a lively enclave where one can sample Chinese cuisine in the rooftop Café Chinois, sit around the pool with its French-German-Italian crowd, or encounter *tout* New Delhi in the bar. It was in this cosmopolitan encampment that I partook of one of India's oldest traditions, the services of a priest-astrologer.

Accompanied by an acquaintance who acted as translator, the astrologer came to my room, dressed in a white *dhoti* and a simple shirt and wearing thick-rimmed glasses. He sat cross-legged and barefoot on the modern couch, holding two books. One looked like a Bible but was actually an ancient Sanskrit text listing dates and hours of birth. The other, resembling a comic book, indicated positions of the planets and other information necessary for determining an astrological chart. First, he made a few symbols on a small piece of paper and asked me about particular events in my life. From these answers and the books, he made the chart. The session was then opened to any questions. If one is a believer, his ability to pinpoint things was expected; to a non-believer, uncanny.

Of course, it is an extravagance to have room-service astrology. Curbside reading of one's stars is also offered along Delhi's most colorful avenue, Chadni Chowk, a fifteen-minute cab ride from New Delhi. This long boulevard, called Silver, or Moonlight, Street, starts only a few hundred yards from the Red Fort, built by Shah Jahan over 300 years ago, when he made Delhi his capital. Chadni Chowk is a roadway of people, a living short subject about India.

One finds traders from Afghanistan, saffron-robed Hindu *sadhus* (religious men), bearded Muslim *sufis* (mystics), turbaned Sikh ascetics, moneylenders, sweepers, artisans, residents. Here barbers squat on the sidewalk, lathering their customers' dark-stubbled faces. Only inches away cattle ramble at will while drivers of cars resignedly make way for them. From sweetmeat stalls pungent odors waft down to the street and mix with the scents of sun-softened fruits, frying meat, baked, unleavened breads, brewing tea, and peppers and chilies. The offerings are myriad and the goods tantalizing. But if the Indian housewife still doesn't know what to serve, she can always consult the sidewalk soothsayer. One's future, which assuredly includes what one is going to have for dinner tomorrow, is written in the stars and, alas, in Sanskrit. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does an Italian wine go with Bouillabaisse?

Bolla does.

The French who are in love with love will tell you that Bouillabaisse has a grand passion for Soave Bolla. Try a bottle tonight with your Bouillabaisse.

Toujours l'amour.

If you would like an authentic recipe for Bouillabaisse, write us. The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

© 1969 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NOILLY PRAT MARTINI

A great martini is not made by gin alone.

For great martinis, you need more than just a particularly good gin. You need a particularly good vermouth, too. And since Noilly Prat invented dry vermouth in 1813 we know what makes it good. We know that the longer dry vermouth is aged, the better it is. That's why Noilly Prat is aged longer And that's why it's the best vermouth for martinis. You've gone to the trouble of finding a really good gin. Are you going to put just any vermouth into it?

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

French Extra Dry Vermouth

For the Noilly Prat Martini plus 15 other drink and gourmet recipes, please write Noilly Prat, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Need Is to Know More, Not Less

Research is at the very heart of science. It will also be the central focus of SR/World Science.

Merely to report the results of research, however—fascinating as they may be—is not enough. Whoever reports science is also obliged to interpret and evaluate, to maintain a steady radar scan for its impact on our everyday lives. Research has consequences, immediate as well as long run. These consequences must always be kept in mind, with a view to ensuring—whenever new knowledge leaves the lab and clinic to be applied to the real world and its inhabitants—that the risks do not outweigh the benefits.

Take the case of psychosurgery. Its techniques derive from advanced brain research, originally on animals. The research data soon made it evident that psychosurgery could be a handy way to modify human behavior as well—especially when it took the form of frequent, uncontrollable bouts of destructive violence—by going directly to the damaged brain tissue. A number of surgeons have indeed proceeded to employ psychosurgical techniques on mental patients. For the most part, this has been done cautiously, selectively, and responsibly. Even so, is it premature?

Do we know enough yet about either the risks or the benefits? Moreover, is it ethical to use the knife as therapy in cases where the couch has failed? These are some of the questions Dr. Richard Restak examines in his article on psychosurgery.

The immediate moral controversy focuses on the treatment of mental patients. But there are more profound and long-range implications inherent in the new capabilities of psychosurgery. They, along with drugs and other techniques, seem to make possible nothing less than the complete control of human behavior—individually and en masse.

Take, for example, the form of psychosurgery known as ESB (electrical stimulation of the brain), where tiny electrodes are implanted in various regions of the brain. This implantation, by the way, is done painlessly, as is all brain surgery. The brain, though it is the center of feeling and sensation for the rest of the body, does not itself feel any pain. So a brain surgeon does not have to use an anesthetic, except a local one when he drills through the skull. During brain surgery the patient often remains awake and converses with the doctor.

In ESB tiny wires, or electrodes, are connected to a terminal that is either cemented into the skull or implanted under the skin. By pushing buttons on a radio transmitter, the researcher can, by remote control, stimulate any area of the brain.

It is fascinating, and a bit frightening, to sit in the laboratory of a brain researcher and watch an experiment on a monkey wired up for ESB. The experimenter, by pushing the appropriate button, can make the monkey feel hot or cold, regardless of surrounding temperature; can make it feel hungry, thirsty, or sated—whether it has just finished a meal or hasn't eaten for days; can make it fearless—or fearful, upset, and anxious—or serene and contented; can make it fall asleep or wake up; can turn its sexual desires on or off at will.

The experimenter can render an animal violently aggressive, or he can put it in a state of euphoria merely by stimulating the brain's "pleasure centers." The human brain seems to experience similar generalized pleasures, which have been described as "combining the mystic raptures of the saints with the fleshly raptures of the sinners."

ESB is neither painful nor unpleasant. In fact, the person being stimulated has no way of knowing, unless he is told, that he is under the influence of ESB. The stimulated thought or act is indistinguishable from the spontaneous occurrence of his normal thoughts or actions. This is one aspect of psychosurgery that makes many people apprehensive about the prospect of brain control in our future.

Some human beings have already had the odd experience of controlling their own brains, to a limited extent, via an ESB technique known as ICSS (intracranial self-stimulation). Dr. Robert Heath, of Tulane University, has implanted electrodes into damaged areas of an epileptic patient's brain and furnished him with his own push-button control gadget to carry around. Whenever the patient feels the bare beginnings of a convulsive attack, he can turn it off by pressing a button.

Such devices might conceivably be used in the future for a variety of purposes: to put yourself to sleep or to wake up; to dull your appetite if you want to lose weight; to warm or cool you; to quiet anxiety or make you braver; to turn sexual feelings on or off. Would it be a good thing for people to be able to exercise these controls so easily?

Fortunately, at least one formally established institute exists for the sole purpose of dealing with exactly such ethical questions—not only for psychosurgery but for the whole range of possibilities opened up by the biomedical revolution of the last two decades as well. Ira Mothner writes about this institute and its founding fathers.

Emphasis in these articles is on the hazards of applying the results of research too soon or too casually. Obviously this kind of early-warning surveillance is essential to our welfare. But we must guard against falling into the reverse trap: Whenever the negative aspects of research are emphasized, there is an uncritical tendency in some quarters to equate science itself with evil, to talk of curtailing research efforts as being more troublesome than beneficial.

But there is nothing about science (or scientific research) in itself that is morally reprehensible. Science is, at worst, neutral. The good or evil resides in the uses we make of it.

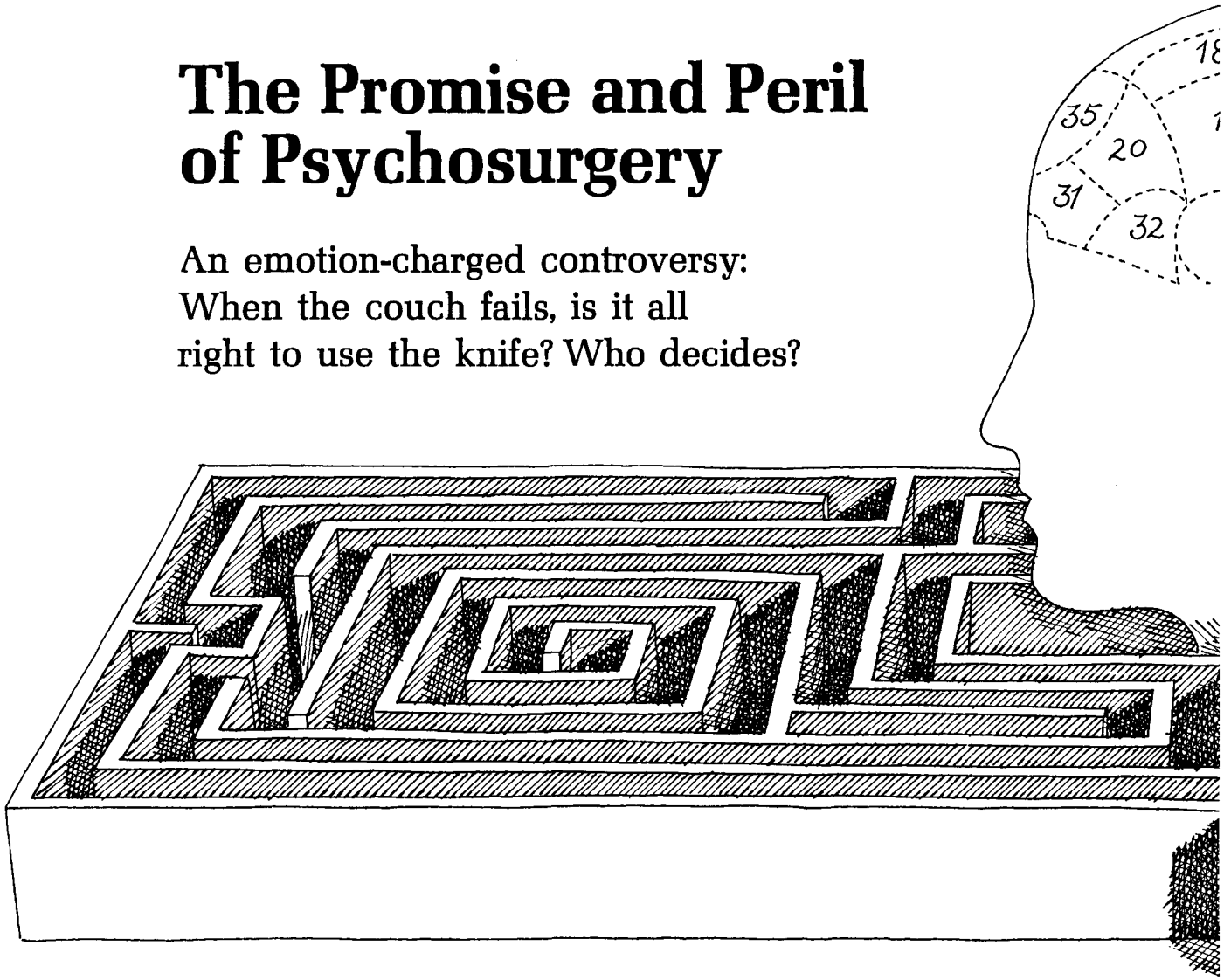
Knowing too much is *not* our problem today. At this critical juncture in our planet's history, there is hardly an area of major concern—pollution, overpopulation, the energy crisis, the killer diseases, the sources of violent behavior, the mechanics of peacekeeping—about which we don't need to know *more* than we now know.

The best hope of acquiring the knowledge and understanding we will need to solve our urgent and complex contemporary dilemmas is through intelligent research—not decelerated but, rather, moving full speed ahead. ALBERT ROSENFELD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Promise and Peril of Psychosurgery

An emotion-charged controversy: When the couch fails, is it all right to use the knife? Who decides?



By Richard Restak, M.D.

Psychosurgery is a term used rather broadly these days to describe surgical, electrical, and other alterations of the brain to change human behavior. An important distinguishing feature of any psychosurgical procedure is irreversibility. Once the brain tissue is altered, it can never be the same again. Since the brain is the essence of what we refer to as personality, it follows that psychosurgery irrevocably alters personality. Even at its best, therefore, psychosurgery is the most hazardous form of psychiatric treatment yet devised and currently the most controversial.

Over the past year experts in medicine, behavior, ethics, and law have clashed over the most fundamental question in the field: Who should designate candidates for psychosurgery and for what symptoms? Should a brain operation to reduce aggression, say, be recommended by a neurologist? A psychiatrist? A social worker? This confusion is inherent in our primitive understanding of the way the brain functions. Since we do not know how it performs "normally," we are even more at a loss to predict how it will perform after surgery. Some examples:

• In San Francisco a fifty-five-year old minister suffering from an incurably painful cancer undergoes "psychosurgery." In three months he returns free of pain to the pulpit after an absence of four years.

• In Jackson, Mississippi, a psychosurgeon operates on a fourteen-year-old boy with explosively violent behavior. After the surgery he is withdrawn and cannot remember his address. After further operations he is described as "deteriorated intellectually."

Last spring the National Institute of Mental Health sponsored a conference on psychosurgery. Appearing by invitation was Dr. O. J. Andy, director of neurosurgery at the University of Mississippi School of Medicine in Jackson. Dr. Andy, perhaps this country's leading proponent of psychosurgery as a solution to the problem of chronic psychiatric disease, explained his position to the conferees:

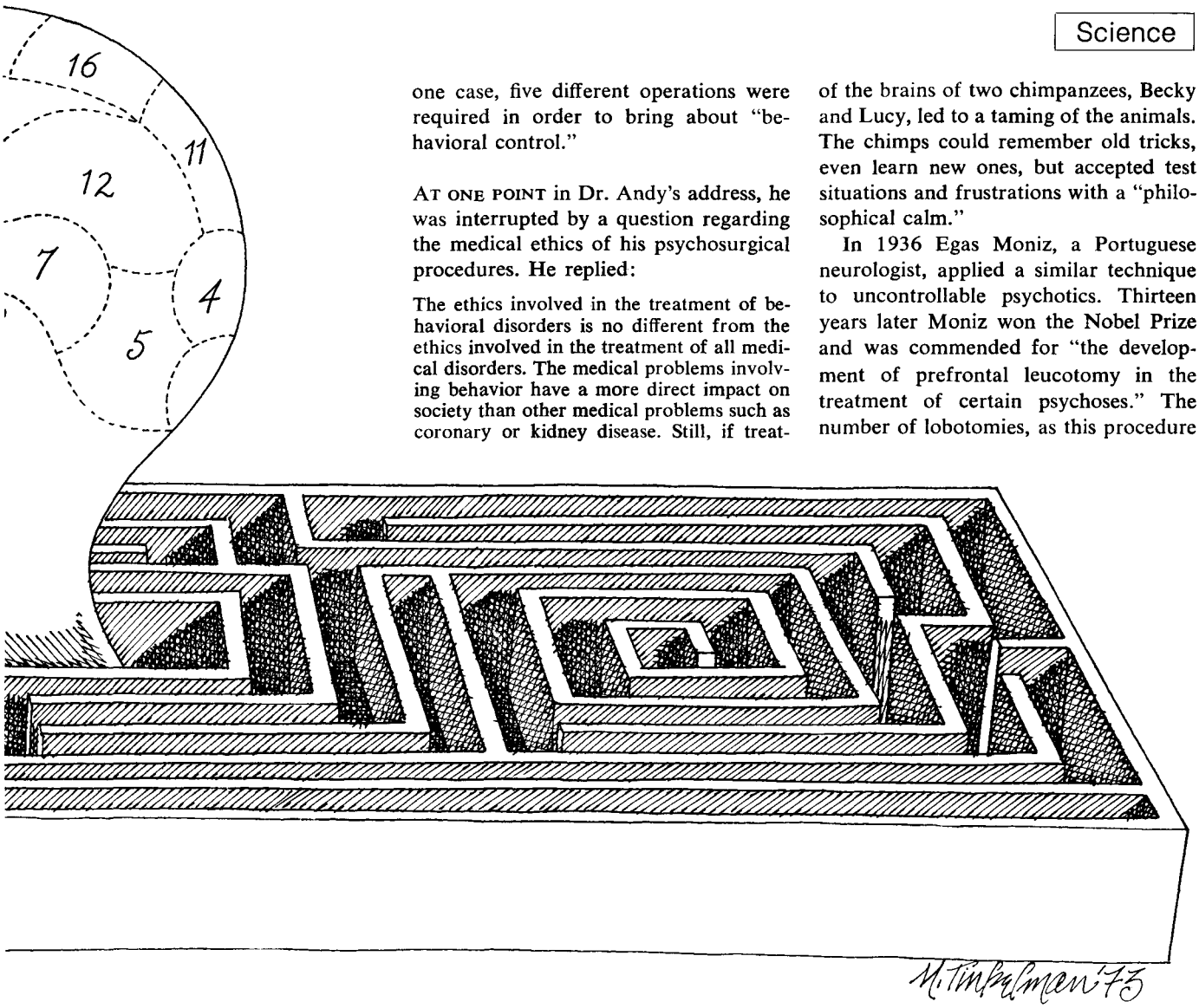
> All abnormal behavior results from structurally abnormal brain tissue. Now, psychiatric techniques are in most instances futile in dealing with these abnormalities. In fact, adequate therapy can be obtained only by techniques, such as surgery, which deal directly with the structurally abnormal brain tissue.

(When pressed on this point, Dr. Andy is willing to admit that no one has demonstrated abnormalities in the structure of brain tissue in psychiatric disease.)

> It is unfortunate that our institutions are constantly filled with patients having behavioral disorders which do not respond to psychiatric and medical therapy and which would respond to surgery but are denied appropriate treatment for a variety of rational and irrational reasons. My own clinical interest has been in the realm of con-

Dr. Restak, a neurologist and writer in Washington, D.C., is currently at work on a book on bioethics to be published by Viking next year.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



trolling aggressive, uncontrollable, violent, and hyperactive behavior which does not respond to medical or psychiatric therapy. I have developed a clinical description of such behavior: the Hyperresponsive Syndrome. This is erratic, aggressive, hyperactive, and emotional instability which in its full-blown expression terminates in attack. These are the patients who need surgical treatment. In addition, there are others: patients who are a detriment to themselves and to society; custodial patients who require constant attention, supervision, and an inordinate amount of institutional care. It should be used in children and adolescents in order to allow their developing brain to mature with as normal a reaction to its environment as possible.

Dr. Andy went on to explain that many of his subjects have been children aged seven and over; at least one was a child of five. The goal in each case is "to reduce the hyperactivity to levels manageable by parents."

The exact number of operations performed by Andy lies between forty and fifty, but he is not sure exactly how many. Moreover, several children have had more than one operation; in at least one case, five different operations were required in order to bring about "behavioral control."

AT ONE POINT in Dr. Andy's address, he was interrupted by a question regarding the medical ethics of his psychosurgical procedures. He replied:

> The ethics involved in the treatment of behavioral disorders is no different from the ethics involved in the treatment of all medical disorders. The medical problems involving behavior have a more direct impact on society than other medical problems such as coronary or kidney disease. Still, if treatment is desired it is neither the moral nor the legal responsibility of society what type of treatment should be administered. The ethics for the diagnosis and treatment of behavioral illness should remain in the hands of the treating physician.

As of this writing, Dr. Andy has returned to Mississippi to continue his highly individual approach to disturbed behavior or, as he prefers to call it, "structurally abnormal brain tissue." What further operations will be performed will be entirely up to Andy and the other psychosurgeons across the country. At this point there are no binding standards of performance by which psychosurgeons can be judged.

The concept of modifying behavior by surgically cutting parts of the brain is not new. First references to such a procedure can be traced to the Roman observation that insanity might be relieved by a sword wound in the head. But all modern psychosurgical methods date from physiologist James Fulton's observation that cutting a specialized group of nerve fibers from the frontal lobes of the brains of two chimpanzees, Becky and Lucy, led to a taming of the animals. The chimps could remember old tricks, even learn new ones, but accepted test situations and frustrations with a "philosophical calm."

In 1936 Egas Moniz, a Portuguese neurologist, applied a similar technique to uncontrollable psychotics. Thirteen years later Moniz won the Nobel Prize and was commended for "the development of prefrontal leucotomy in the treatment of certain psychoses." The number of lobotomies, as this procedure came to be called, performed by Moniz is unknown. Any exact computation is complicated by Moniz's early retirement from neurologic practice several years before a violent death at the hands of a crazed former patient.

In 1942 Walter Freeman, a neurologist, and James Watts, a neurosurgeon, both at George Washington University Hospital, reported that extreme depression and agitation, even hallucination, could be greatly alleviated by cutting the fibers leading from the frontal lobes of the brain to the neighboring thalamus. The connections between these two structures are normally responsible for a delicate interplay between thought (a frontal lobe function) and emotion (at least partly a thalamic function). After cutting these connections, the doctors reported that exaggerated emotional responses decreased. Although hallucinations might continue, they would be far less terrifying.

The Freeman-Watts treatment spread quickly, and during the 1940s somewhere

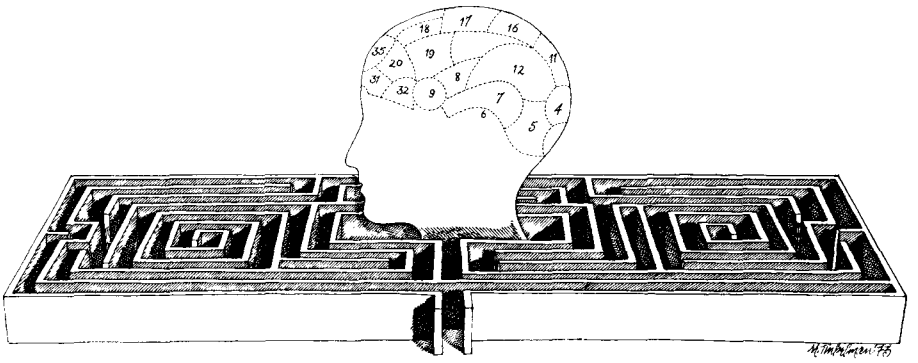
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the range of 50,000 patients were lobotomized in the United States alone. Freeman, a lobotomy zealot, calculated he had personally performed over 4000 operations, using a gold-plated ice pick, which he carried with him in a velvet-lined case. After the local application of a mild pain killer, Freeman would plunge the ice pick through the thin bone of the upper inner angle of the eye socket, severing the frontal nerve connections to the thalamus. No elaborate preparations or precautions preceded this grisly operation, which often took place in the patient's home or in Freeman's office at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Freeman's enthusiasm for "ice-pick surgery" knew no bounds; several former associates, who prefer to remain unnamed, can recall long lines of patients waiting for treatment outside Freeman's office.

Unfortunately, these lobotomies, especially as practiced by Freeman, often resulted in a zombielike state known as the *frontal lobe syndrome*. Common symptoms included indifference to other people, convulsive seizures, and intellectual impairment. Patients often became self-centered and utterly dependent on others for the simplest routines of day-to-day living.

During the succeeding thirty years, psychosurgeons developed a less crude method of eliminating undesired emotional responses. This involved tampering with the limbic system, or emotional brain—the target of present-day psychosurgery. The limbic system, though still not totally defined, includes such areas as the hippocampus, the amygdala, the cingulum, and the hypothalamus. In lower animals these structures form the basis for emotional reactions. Tampering with the amygdala, for instance, produces in an animal drowsiness, indifference to surroundings, loss of appetite, and a peculiar symptom known as psychic blindness. The animal may stare for hours at food, not realizing it is meant to be eaten. Studies on the human limbic system have established the existence of emotional centers similar in structure, and presumably in function, to lower animals. Proponents argued that operation on these limbic areas produces less "blunting" of the personality than is caused by lobotomies.

With the discovery of tranquilizers in the early Fifties, interest in surgery on both the frontal lobes and the limbic system declined sharply. A drug called Thorazine was widely used as a kind of chemical lobotomy. It soon became apparent, however, that the use of this "miracle drug" carried its own penalties, particularly drug allergies, serious blood abnormalities, paradoxical reactions resulting in further excitement rather than calm, and a bizarre disorder of muscle tone and movement known as tardive dyskinesia. These failures resulted in a resurgence of interest in psychosurgery.



In the last twenty years at least eight different surgical procedures have been developed in which surgical incisions are made in one or more portions of the limbic system. The two commonest operations used today are cingulotomies and amygdalotomies, which involve deep cuts into these two key areas of the emotional brain. According to limbic-system theory, disturbed emotional patterns (violence, deep depressions, suicidal tendencies, etc.) are partly the results of a form of "short circuitry" between the limbic system and the rest of the brain. Cutting of the amygdala or cingulum is intended to interrupt these faulty "connections" in the hope that new "connections" will develop or that the interruption will abolish the disturbed behavior patterns. In actuality, the correlation between behavior patterns and limbic structures is at best disputable.

Surgical advances in the last fifteen years have led to increasingly precise "targets" within the limbic system. The most innovative development involves stereotactic surgery, a revolutionary treatment for Parkinson's disease in the days before the discovery of the drug L-Dopa. Stereotaxis involves the use of a tiny probe guided externally through a small opening made in the skull. By three-dimensional visualization tiny, accurate cuts can be made in any part of the brain. This procedure markedly reduces the incidence of complications. In many instances ultrasonic beams and radioactive substances have also been used to destroy brain tissue thought to be responsible for emotionally disturbed behavior.

A major advance in the last five years has been the use of small electrodes to stimulate parts of the limbic system. Because the patient is awake, the effects produced by electric stimulation can be described by the patient. If a certain area is found to produce the symptoms for which treatment is sought (rage, depression, etc.), that area can be destroyed. This method has been used for years with good results in the treatment of epilepsy. Its value in treating behavioral disorders, however, has never been established.

Publications regarding psychosurgical operations number many thousands by now. They are, for the most part, contradictory, confusing, and marred by the absence of scientific objectivity. Yet despite the confusion, contradictions, and, occasionally, downright deception, certain accepted facts have emerged. For one thing, tampering with the frontal fibers is almost certain to produce indifference and apathy. Secondly, certain patients have reacted poorly to psychosurgery regardless of the type of operation. Schizophrenics have done worst of all and have been eliminated from the patient pool of even the most enthusiastic of psychosurgeons. So-called psychopaths or sociopaths have not done much better. In fact, the number of patients who stand to gain from psychosurgical procedures turns out to be remarkably small. It includes severe obsessive-compulsives, such as perpetual hand washers, who may excoriate their hands and arms by two or three hundred hand washings a day, and a limited number of severe and unremitting depressives, who, failing to respond to antidepressant medications or even electroconvulsive therapy, gravitate toward inevitable suicide. In addition, psychosurgery may help the terminal cancer patient whose mind is never entirely freed from a totally pain-ridden, drug-addicted existence.

Beyond these few cases, however, lies considerable evidence that the procedure is more often dangerous and even irre-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponsibly applied. At least one West Coast neurosurgeon, for example, has taken to performing psychosurgery on children as an office procedure. As a result of such abuses, psychosurgery is under challenge as a violation of medical ethics and the individual patient's civil rights.

The most pointed legal objection to psychosurgery revolves on loopholes in the present structure of "informed consent": the extent to which the patient has been informed regarding all possible consequences of psychosurgery. Dr. Harold Edgar, associate professor of law at Columbia University Law Center and author of a forthcoming book on psychosurgery, writes:

> As things stand now, the surgeon is covered as long as he explains to the patient and relatives the uncertainties in the methods and gets them to agree to it without guarantee. It is quite possible that some families would be willing to consent to almost anything to get a troublesome relative off their hands. There must be protection against the collusion of such families with overzealous psychosurgeons. The unwilling patient's right must be safeguarded.

The case of obtaining informed consent from prisoners is even more sensitive. Robert C. Neville, of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, cites the case of "Thomas the Engineer," who was asked to submit to a behavior-control experiment:

> When under the influence of calming electrical stimulation, he consented to a psychosurgical procedure to destroy certain brain cells. When the effects of the stimulus wore off, he refused consent. What is informed rational consent in such a setting?

The question came to a court test in July, and the decision clarified the ambiguous legal position of psychosurgery. A Michigan court ruled that state funds could not be used to finance psychosurgery on mental patients despite the patient's willingness—even enthusiasm—for undergoing the procedure. The patient, convicted eighteen years ago for the rape and subsequent slaying of a nurse, was judged criminally insane and committed to Ionia State Hospital in Detroit. His eligibility for discharge notwithstanding, he requested psychosurgery to eliminate the possibility of losing control and killing again. No coercion was brought to bear; the operation was not a precondition to release.

Still, the voluntary nature of the consent was questioned by Att. Charles Halpern of the Center for Law and Social Policy in February at the Society of the Neurosciences in Washington. "There is simply no way," he said, "to ensure that a person in the hospital for eighteen years, with a likelihood of imprisonment for more time, can ever make a voluntary judgment on whether he should have this operation."

During court hearings Dr. Ayub Ommaya, director of the research section of the National Institute of Neurologic Diseases and Stroke, also questioned the scientific premise of the proposed electrode operation. "The role of psychosurgery," Ommaya testified, "has little, if any, applicability for violent behavior."

"[Walter] Freeman, a lobotomy zealot, calculated he had personally performed over 4000 operations, using a gold-plated ice pick...."

A similar, federal-level setback for psychosurgery occurred on June 26. The National Institutes of Health rejected a $1.2 million grant proposal by Dr. Vernon Mark of Harvard and other doctors who have pioneered the use of amygdalotomy to treat violent or irrational behavior. The work of the Boston group, in fact, had provided much of the incentive for the Michigan program. Mark and his colleagues had advocated the idea that much crime and other violence have their roots in medical, rather than social, causes—a concept that had already won them grant money from the Nixon administration.

According to Dr. Edgar, the definition of psychosurgery as an experimental process could resolve some ambiguities. This would require additional safety and quantitative procedures, such as the maintenance of control groups, which are not currently observed. A bill providing guidelines for all human experimentation has been introduced in Congress by Sen. Edward Kennedy.

The issue of behavior modification is perhaps the century's most compelling medical-social issue. Current fads for ESP and biofeedback reflect our enthusiasm for controlling mental processes with techniques similar to those for controlling our physical environment. Psychosurgery, the most extreme and dramatic form of such modification, involves particularly anguishing decisions that must be made now. Unfortunately, the issue is becoming so politicized that reasoning based on facts is seriously hampered. On December 27, 1972, for example, an open session on psychosurgery and behavioral control at the American Association for the Advance of Science meetings in Washington was disrupted by demonstrators.

In light of such profound disagreements, certain measures seem justified:

1. It is time for a temporary moratorium on all forms of psychosurgery undertaken primarily to modify behavior.
2. We need a clearinghouse of information on the topic of the effects of brain lesions on behavior. As things now stand, the facts are scattered in hundreds of journals. The clearinghouse would enable the evaluation of the data already accumulated from twenty years of various psychosurgical procedures.
3. From here it should be possible to determine national standards of practice concerning (*a*) when and if psychosurgery is indicated, (*b*) what procedures offer reasonable hope of result, and (*c*) most important, what patients are eligible for psychosurgery and under what circumstances.
4. There is an urgent need for measures that will protect the individual patient from having psychosurgical procedures imposed upon him against his will or in a setting in which informed consent or the capacity to choose is impaired.
5. Since the results of psychosurgery have not been established, all psychosurgical procedures should be considered "experimental" and subject to strictly imposed controls. Such operations should be carried out only in a clinical institution able to provide total therapeutic care and follow-up. Non-medical disciplines must have significant influence in the control of psychosurgery.

Some critics have suggested we immediately outlaw psychosurgery altogether. But even this isn't as simple as it seems. What is to be done for tortured compulsives whose senseless rituals defy treatment by any other form? What of the terminal cancer patient whose personality threatens to shatter under the daily strain of unendurable pain? What of the patient who refers himself for a psychosurgical procedure? What are his rights in a possible setting of controlled and reasonably predictable operations? At this point these questions cannot be answered for want of the facts. Only by implementing measures similar to those listed above can we make a good case to abandon—or expand—the use of psychosurgery. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Asking Life-and-Death Questions Today?

A look at the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences—another in a series of articles on great research centers and laboratories throughout the world.

By Ira Mothner

"Mercy Killing" cried the headlines early this summer, when Dr. Vincent A. Montemarano, chief surgical resident at a suburban New York hospital, was charged with the "willful murder" of a patient dying of cancer. The headline ran twice that week. In nearby New Jersey, twenty-three-year-old Lester Zygmaniak was arrested for the fatal shooting of his older brother George, the victim of a motorcycle accident, paralyzed from the neck down.

Under that headline, newspapers focused on questions close to the heart of these tragedies. Is a doctor required to prolong the life of a hopelessly sick and suffering patient? Should the death wish be granted patients like George Zygmaniak, who reportedly begged to die?

These real life-and-death questions are more common and more disturbing today because science has so much more control over life and death. Doctors can keep the body machinery running long after it is no longer clear whether the patient is alive or dead.

Five years ago, fifty-six-year-old Bruce Tucker, suffering from severe brain damage, was admitted to the Medical College of Virginia; he spent three hours in surgery. The following morning he was hooked up to a respirator. Tests showed no sign of brain activity, but the machinery kept his respiration, pulse rate, blood pressure, and body temperature near normal. Then the respirator was turned off, and Tucker was pronounced dead. His heart and kidneys were removed, and the heart was transplanted to another patient. Sometime later his brother sued the hospital for $100,000 in damages and charged that the transplant team had "hastened" Tucker's demise "by shutting off the mechanical means of support."

Was Tucker dead when the plug was pulled? If he was alive, should he have been allowed to die? Tucker's brother said no; he should not have been allowed to die. But the husband and son of Lucy Griscom Morgan said yes. They insisted she *should* be allowed to die, for Mrs. Morgan was past ninety, blind, partially deaf, and the victim of a brain hemorrhage. She was being kept alive by force feeding in an Ohio nursing home. Yet an article written many years before had clarified her wish to die in some dignified and simple way.

These four cases reveal a dilemma—that of death and dying—created by the giant strides of the biological sciences. As science devises new means not only of prolonging life but of altering and controlling it—of creating it in ways previously unknown—ethical questions that were once abstract or speculative have become practical and immediate.

THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS of life and death that are studied at the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences in Hastings, New York. Located on the second floor of a small suburban office building, the institute's Hastings Center is almost indistinguishable from the suite of a thriving but informal law firm. Casual dress and protocol is the style of the director, Daniel Callahan, a forty-three-year-old philosopher and former editor of *Commonweal*. "What we are asking," explains the slight, almost elfin Callahan, "is the *ought* questions—what people ought to do."

Ethical dilemmas are very much like environmental ones. It isn't possible to apply the proper formula to a problem and arrive at a correct answer every time. Too many values are involved, too many variables. Usually the ethical investigator, like his ecological colleague, is concerned with implications: "If X is done, then Y and Z are likely to happen."

Today, before projects that alter the environment are begun—an atomic power plant, a new highway system, an industrial complex—ecologists can prepare an impact study that figures the profits and losses to the quality of life and ecological balance of the area or community. In much of the institute's work, the aim is similar—to determine the ethical impact of scientific advances.

Only four years old, the institute is already involved in a number of major studies. Research groups are exploring ethical concerns in death and dying, behavior control, population control, and genetic counseling and engineering. The group involved with death and dying spent two years studying the various criteria of death. At the conclusion of its study, the group proposed guidelines that would define death as "an irreversible cessation of spontaneous brain functions." Only then was it ready to tackle the questions raised by "mercy killings" and "the right to die."

AS CALLAHAN EXPLAINS the difficulty, "Everyone agrees, in principle, that there's nothing wrong in pulling the plug on a dying patient for whom nothing more can be done. The problem is at the level of practice." A great many doctors are simply afraid they will be sued for malpractice or charged with murder. Before the Montemarano case, this fear hadn't seemed very rational. There were almost no cases of doctors being sued, and only one doctor had ever faced charges. In 1949 Dr. Herman N. Sander of Manchester, New Hampshire, was accused of killing a patient suffering from incurable cancer. Dr. Sander was acquitted even though he had admitted injecting air into the patient's veins. But medical memories are long, reputations are fragile, and Montemarano's plight confirms the fears of many doctors.

> "The fictional notion of 'test tube babies' is a hairsbreadth away from reality right now."

The need for an ongoing study of ethical questions raised by the scientific revolution first occurred to Callahan in 1968, when he was researching a book about abortion (*Abortion: Law, Choice, and Morality*, New York: Macmillan, 1970):

> The problem was trying to study the totality of abortion, cover all of the questions—medical, legal, ethical, social—when most of what had been done was polemic. Here was an important area, and it was hard to find people to work with or good material.
>
> As I got to know medicine and biology better, I began to feel that there were any number of other problems that hadn't had

Ira Mothner was a senior editor at Look Magazine *and an assistant to Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York. He now writes from his home on Shelter Island.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much serious work. But, in spite of that, they were the subjects of enormous public attention and argument. There was a need for research groups to cope with issues like genetic engineering, behavior control, and the whole list of things that comes under the heading of medical ethics.

Callahan sells ethics much as Billy Graham sells salvation. His enthusiasm is barely contained as he prowls his office, the only spacious accommodations at the institute. Even the conference room is flanked by cubicles and cabinets.

To get the institute started, Callahan contacted every scientist and scholar he thought might be interested. Among his early converts was psychiatrist Willard Gaylin, a practicing psychoanalyst who teaches at Columbia University's medical school, law school, and undergraduate college as well as at neighboring Union Theological Seminary. The tall and dramatically handsome Gaylin caught Callahan's fire and became president of the infant institute.

Today there are more than seventy fellows of the institute—men and women like psychologist Robert Coles, lawyer Elizabeth K. Dollard, microbiologist René Dubos, philosopher Paul Ramsey of Princeton, and physiologist Dr. Robert S. Morison of Cornell. Each fellow belongs to one of the research groups. At Hastings a staff of twenty-two both backs up the research groups and generates its own projects.

Dr. Gaylin insists that the best things happen at the Hastings Center when "we aren't getting down to business." He counts as a virtue the confinement of tiny offices that periodically drives staff members into the halls for air and into arguments about the ethical implications of whatever hot new triumph of science is making the news. There is a sense of urgency at Hastings, a need to catch up with science and reach tomorrow's problems while they can still be solved.

Gaylin's own research group, studying behavior control, is attempting to get a handle on an immense issue that is best stated as "the manipulation of large groups of people by smaller and smaller groups of people." Children can now be conditioned into predictable patterns of behavior. Psychosurgery can alter personality. Electrodes implanted in the brains of experimental animals can control aggression. When the button is pushed, a charging bull stops cold. Dr. José M. R. Delgado, who conducted the implant experiments, believes that electric brain stimulation can change what he calls "the neurological basis of man."

David Gahr
Daniel Callahan—Pioneer in bioethics.

The danger inherent in such a potent technology is that it will be used to control people as well as cure them.

But the most fascinating dilemmas are those confronting the genetics group. Today it is possible to learn a good deal about unborn children through amniocentesis, that is, examining a sample of amniotic fluid. For example, Down's syndrome (Mongolism) can be detected by this means. Couples carrying Down's genes now dare to risk conceiving a child. If they get a bad genetic break, the fetus can be aborted. But the combination of amniocentesis and readily available abortion could easily encourage couples to discard their unborn children for far less serious reasons than Mongolism.

The fictional notion of "test tube babies" is a hairsbreadth away from reality right now. In the process called in-vitro fertilization, egg and sperm are brought together under the proper conditions. After the first few cell divisions have occurred, the tiny blastocyst is implanted in the mother's uterus. This process would enable any number of childless couples to have their own children. Women whose oviducts are blocked and women who do not ovulate could carry and bear their own children. It would even be possible for a couple to supply the genetic materials for an embryo that would be carried to term in a host mother's womb.

Beyond in-vitro fertilization and closer to science fiction is "cloning," the creation of genetic replicas. Clones are made with the genetic material from only one parent's cell rather than from a combination of two parent cells. The result is a younger identical twin of the parent. Common fantasies about cloning include such notions as creating laboratories filled with Einsteins, battalions of General Pattons, or, as Gaylin has suggested, "a garden of Raquel Welches, blooming by the hundreds, genetically identical from nipples to fingernails."

Gaylin isn't only concerned about how society might use new ways of creating life; he is also worried about what it will take—and take out of us—to perfect these techniques, to do experiments that may not always be entirely successful. Looking down through wire-rimmed glasses, Gaylin asks, "What do we do with the first few rejects?"

FEW OF THE INSTITUTE'S immediate concerns are futuristic. The genetics group moved into the controversy over mandatory screening for carriers of sickle cell anemia by proposing restrictions on large-scale testing programs to protect the rights of screening subjects. The population group produced what amounts to an ethical impact study of population policy for a society as diverse as ours.

In addition to its research groups and special staff projects, the institute trains medical faculties to set up courses in medical ethics, runs a sizable internship program, and distributes the bimonthly *Hastings Report* and the three-times-a-year *Hastings Center Studies* to more than 3000 associate members.

The need for ethical checks on science and technology becomes more apparent each year, and Americans have become more sensitive to ethical abuses. Public indignation ran high, not long ago, when a long-term government study of syphilis was revealed. The shocking news was that none of the subjects had ever been offered treatment for the disease. Recently, a sense of outrage accompanied action against a federally funded family-planning program that had reportedly ordered the sterilization of two young girls, aged twelve and fourteen.

From Hiroshima and the ecological crisis Americans have learned not to accept all the gifts of science uncritically. Technological progress, they realize, cannot be halted after it has begun. As Dr. Leon Kass, a fellow of the institute, has stated, "The first law of technology is: *If it's available, it will be used.*" Callahan adds, "If it *can* be used, inevitably it *will* be used." And the next step, he believes, is that in time, "it becomes what one is supposed to use." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science Research Notes

Laser Fusion

For a decade, the United States and the Soviet Union have been engaged in a peaceful race to develop what could theoretically be the "perfect" source of electrical power: controlled hydrogen fusion, i.e., harnessed H-bomb power. Such a process would be environmentally clean and would operate with a virtually limitless fuel supply of a form of hydrogen called deuterium, which is freely available in sea water. While both nations have accomplished much with the limited funds available, they have been unable to lick the central problem of containing superhot gases (100 million degrees) long enough to provoke the needed nuclear reaction. A new means to do this is now being contemplated: by laser fusion.

A laser produces a beam of "coherent," or tightly parallel, light. Since it was perfected in 1961, it has been applied to many uses, from communications to eye surgery. Serving as trigger for hydrogen fusion could be its grandest contribution. The idea is to zap a "pellet" of liquid deuterium simultaneously from many directions with laser light. This would crush the pellet to less than a thousandth of its original size, release enormous energy from the surface, and trigger fusion of the hydrogen atoms at the center. One hundred of these laser-induced microexplosions per second could produce 1000 megawatts of electricity, according to physicists John Nuckolls, John Emmet, and Lowell Wood, writing in *Physics Today*. The authors observe that funding of the laser-fusion program has grown tenfold in the last three years, and they report optimistically that "laser-fusion power plants will be economically feasible."

Earthquake Predicted

As recently as a few years ago, the idea that earthquakes could be predicted with any precision was sure to draw a laugh. Many seismologists, in fact, claimed that earthquake prediction was not only futile but undesirable: After all, they asked, what was the use of being able to say that a quake would hit Los Angeles, or Tokyo, or Ankara "sometime in May"? Should a city shut down for a month to await disaster?

Suddenly, however, the laughs have stopped. In August, one of the nation's crack teams of seismologists—the group from Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, led by Lynn Sykes—predicted on August 1 that a small earthquake would rumble through part of the Adirondack Mountains in New York State "within a few days." On August 3 it happened: a magnitude 2.5 tremor, born right on schedule.

The technique used by the Lamont group was first suggested by Russian seismologists who noticed some peculiar earth behavior in the region of Garm. The ratio between the speeds of two kinds of earthquake waves dropped suddenly and then returned to normal just before the quake. The Lamont people noticed just such a change at the end of July—and made their prediction. Since this behavior has now been observed in Japan, California, the Soviet Union, and New York, they are optimistic that it may be possible to anticipate, with great precision, when earthquakes will occur.

Polywater Evaporates

Several years ago the world of chemistry erupted in predictable dispute over the announcement by a Russian scientist that a new form of water had been found. It was called polywater, because it was thought to consist of many water molecules linked to each other, much as polymerized hydrocarbons form plastics. The substance was said to have extraordinary properties, including a greaselike density and extraordinary resistance to boiling and freezing. Some chemists speculated that it might be used as a superlubricant; others worried that polywater might be able to polymerize itself, like Kurt Vonnegut's fictional Ice Nine, turning the world into an unlivable gluey mass. Chemists were urged to use great caution in their tests.

Such fears have finally been laid to rest. Soviet physicist Boris Deryagin, who first "discovered" polywater, at last agrees that his mystery liquid is not a new chemical but a result of contamination by impurities in his laboratory apparatus. Ellis Lippincott, a Deryagin follower at the University of Maryland, made polywater in tiny plastic tubes; his creation was found to contain sweat and other aerosol contamination. Deryagin used quartz tubes; he has now confessed that his anomalous water was caused by silicon atoms leached from the quartz by condensing water vapor.

Measuring Marijuana

With all the research that has been stimulated by the recent upsurge in marijuana use, a nagging frustration has been the inability to detect the drug in the bloodstream. This detection is desirable not only to investigate a possible link between marijuana use and traffic accidents but also to find out just how the active ingredient of the plant, THC, produces its little-understood high.

A blood test for marijuana has finally been devised at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm. The technique, which depends upon a combination of gas chromatography and mass spectrometry, allows measurement of THC in amounts as small as half a billionth of a gram.

The Swedish team has so far found that the dose of THC peaks after about ten minutes, then rapidly drops. Next they want to find out just how long the drug can last (they can now detect it two hours after use) and to what extent certain blood levels can affect such mental functions as memory.

Birth as Rejection

Despite its frequency of occurrence, human birth remains a mysterious biological process. One of the most obvious unknowns is the matter of timing. Why is the fetus held securely for nine months and then abruptly expelled as though it were a foreign body?

Two scientists with the West London Hospital believe they have now produced evidence that birth is really a process of rejection initiated by the body's defense system. The reason this rejection only occurs after nine months, write S. F. Contractor and Helen Davies in the British journal *Nature*, is that the tendency is stayed by specially increased amounts of hormones in the mother's blood. These hormones, called HCG and HCS, apparently prevent the mother's patrolling sentry cells, lymphocytes, from recognizing the foreign protein structure of the "intruder." Without such recognition, antibody production and rejection measures cannot go into effect. HCG and HCS levels remain high until just before normal birth—or what may now be thought of as a form of spontaneous abortion. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eye on Chess

I hadn't dropped into my favorite coffeehouse for almost two months; so it was natural that the chess-playing regulars had missed me. No one looked up when I paused by the one game in progress except the old gentleman from Venice, wearing his habitual dark glasses. He had never been known to play chess, but he was the recognized arbiter of any disputes that came up between the players. "Ya touched the piece. Ya gotta move it," he'd rasp, and his seeing-eye dog would nod in agreement.

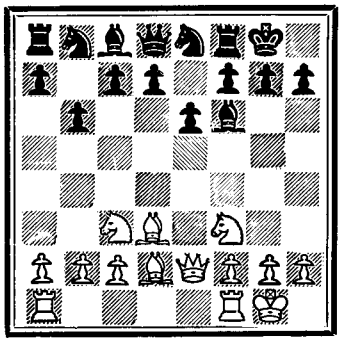
"Where ya been, Eddie?" he said to me. "I didn't see yez yesterday."

"Well," I began softly so as not to disturb the players, "I've been away for two months, and my name isn't Eddie, it's—"

"Don't let it bug ya, Eddie," said the blind Venetian in his gravelly voice. "I call everyone 'Eddie.' " And he turned his attention back to the board so as not to miss any of the action.

Artie Fax, a hustler so tricky I have often wondered why the administration hasn't called him down to Washington, was playing the erratic mover, Sy Cophant. Sy is so cautious he doesn't even steep his morning tea—he just inclines it a little—and this carries over into his chess playing. He has yet to make a move he doesn't want to take back. I was surprised Artie even bothered to play him, but then I learned that Sy was limited to taking back only one move in the entire game. This was a Kissinger-like coup on Artie's part—everyone knew that rather than lose, Sy would take the whole set back to the manufacturer.

Artie was playing the white pieces, and it was his move when I arrived on the scene.



He played 1. Q–K4, threatening mate at Rook seven and attacking the Queen Rook. Instantly Black played 1. . . . P–N3. Now, Sy has never seen a mate threat that quickly in his whole life. Artie looked at him suspiciously. "Why did you move that pawn?" he asked.

Sy was indignant. "You think I don't know anything about positional play? I want to put my Bishop on King Knight two. Then I'll really be set."

Artie's eyes narrowed. "You gonna let me take the Rook that's hanging?"

Sy stared in horror and then cried, "Wait a minute. Hold everything. I'm taking that move back. I didn't see you could take the Rook." He replaced the pawn on KN2 and played 1 . . . . P–Q4.

"Are you sure you wanna do that?" asked Artie, driving the last nail in the coffin. "You can only take back one move this game; is this the one?"

"Sure, I'm sure," snapped Sy. "I have to save my Rook, don't I?"

"Well," said Artie, as he mated on R7, "if I took the Rook, you could trap my Queen by playing N–B3!"

Sy's appeals to take back the move he took back followed me into the street.

"I'm weary, worn, my bones ache; it's winter, and the pickings are lean; my soul weeps, my spirit is in tatters; I long for the comforting touch of a human; I am as existential about it as far as circumstances will permit, but you have no idea how functional I could become with a single buck."

BUT ALL THE swindles don't occur in the coffeehouses. The *British Chess Magazine* reports a beautiful contretemps in Ireland during the Armstrong Cup Tourney this year. It seems that in the game between W. Heidenfeld and N. Kerins, Heidenfeld castled on his Kingside. Kerins launched a tremendous attack, and Heidenfeld moved his King back to the King square. *Then, when things had quieted down, he castled Queenside!* Neither player noticed, but Kerins went on to win against an opponent who had castled on both sides of the board in a tournament game!

To show that the Irish are capable of some first-quality chess, however, we give the following miniature from this year's Leinster Senior Championship.

Pirc Defense

White: E. Keogh		Black: R. Cassidy	
1. P–K4	P–Q3	10. B–B2	P–N5
2. P–KB4	P–KN3	11. PxP	PxP
3. N–KB3	B–N2	12. Q–K	N–R3
4. P–Q4	N–KB3	13. Q–K2	N–B4
5. B–Q3	O–O	14. QxP	P–N6
6. P–B3	P–B4	15. BxP	B–QR3
7. P–Q5	P–QN4	16. Q–B2	Q–N3
8. O–O	P–QR4	17. R–B2	NxB
9. P–QR4	P–B5	Resigns.	

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

On Shooting First

A friend who had just read one of these columns was moved to tell me that she was fascinated by the whole spectrum of communication, not only verbal but non-verbal as well. That started one of those nice, rambling conversations that bounce and turn from one thought to another without ever really leaving the subject. We talked about gestures, words, facial expressions, body language, even smells, and we got around to symbols and how people react to them.

The most obvious symbols, we agreed, are flags. In recent years the American flag was thought by many of us to have been captured by the far Right. In fact, there was a film a few years ago called *The President's Analyst* (a very funny picture—the archfiend out to destroy the world turned out to be the telephone company) in which there was a line that went something like, "My neighbors are real Fascists. You know—fly the American flag. That kind of thing."

Lately, ringing reaffirmations by some of the Ervin committee senators of what I like to think of as American principles have made a beginning, in my mind at least, in restoring some of the glory to Old Glory.

The trouble with flags is that they seldom symbolize the highest human ideals of a nation. They take on their greatest emotional power when it's "us against them," especially in a war.

There was a group passing out free American flags to spectators going to the Rose Bowl game a couple years ago. There must have been thousands in that crowd who wouldn't accept them because at that time to wave a flag almost certainly would have been taken as an indication of support for our involvement in Southeast Asia.

Responses to symbols vary. One person might react to the stars on a general's shoulders with awe, another with vague distrust, and another with loathing. Few would react to the *man* without considering the stars. That, I suppose, is one of the reasons for the stars.

From symbols it's only half a shuffle to stereotypes.

It's difficult to escape stereotypes. We need abstractions in order to think effectively, and having abstracted, we often tend to stereotype. "What does the cop on the beat think about gun control?" Right away we're asking for trouble. We've implied that there is such an entity as "the cop on the beat." Having done that, we'll try to tell you what he thinks about gun control; and if we're not careful, we might try to tell you what he thinks about a lot of other things; and before you know it, we'll have gone from the abstract "cop on the beat" to a stereotype.

The important thing to have as a control element somewhere in your mind at all times is the awareness that though you may want to talk about "the cop on the beat," "the Black Panther," or "the military mind," there is no such thing. There are lots of different cops on lots of different beats, lots of different Black Panthers, lots of different military minds.

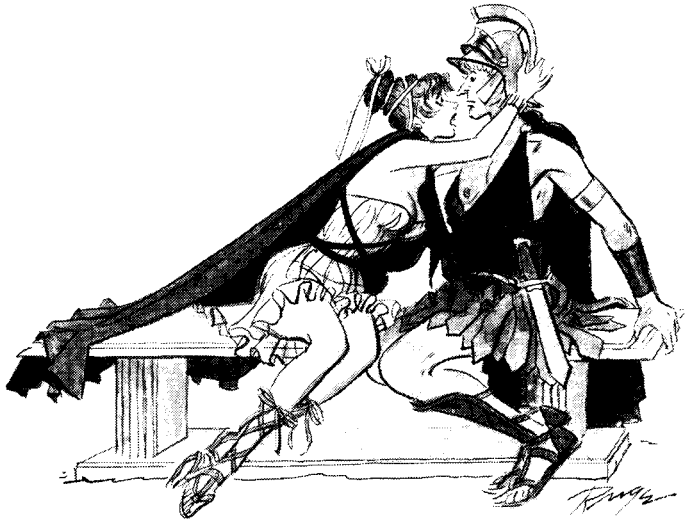
About a year ago, while I was making up a puzzle, a television set was droning in the background, and a momentarily alert part of my ear picked up a line that brought me up short. I repeated it to myself incredulously and wrote it down on a slip of scratch paper. Wayne Morris evidently had said the line to Paul Fix. I went to the TV section of the paper and learned that the film was *Star of Texas* (1953). The line was, "You can't blame the rancher, Bill. He saw a man he thought looked dangerous, so he shot him."

Recently, while I was working on another puzzle and the Watergate hearings were on the same TV set, I happened across that scrap of paper in my desk drawer. Somehow the line is even more chilling this year than it was last.

The classic Western has been described as a morality play. Talk about stereotypes! The guy in the white hat; the guy in the black hat; the guy who runs the saloon and probably the town, smokes expensive cigars, and is surrounded by a gang of red-eye–drinking gunmen; the good-natured dance-hall girl who will probably get shot saving the hero's life. Most of us were raised on such stereotypes. I'll bet my boots and saddle that Wayne Morris in *Star of Texas* was a hero in the white-hat tradition. The man Wayne Morris's rancher couldn't be blamed for shooting might have looked dangerous because he was wearing a black hat. In the past seven or eight years the black hat has been replaced in real life by the "hippie" look, at least in the minds of many club- and gun- and power-wielding citizens. At the 1968 Democratic convention, you couldn't blame the Chicago police. They saw a lot of kids they thought looked dangerous; so they cracked their heads. At Kent State in 1970, some National Guardsmen saw some kids they thought looked dangerous; so they shot them.

It's a principle that's worked its God-awful mischief on an international scale, too, of course. Millions and millions of people have been killed because other people thought they looked dangerous, started building and displaying stereotypes, and came out waving their symbols and ultimately their weapons.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON



"Oh, Oeddie, dear! What's your mother got that I haven't got?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic No. 33

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 T	2 U		3 A	4 B	5 G	6 I	7 K	8 V	9 D		10 R		11 N	12 A	13 P	14 D	15 V
	16 H	17 U	18 A	19 J	20 K		21 S	22 G	23 M	24 R	25 X	26 B	27 F	28 U	29 J		30 N
31 W	32 D	33 B		34 F	35 S	36 N	37 L	38 G	39 D	40 J	41 B	42 P		43 F	44 S		45 T
	46 O	47 U	48 I	49 A	50 G		51 T	52 S	53 F		54 I	55 H	56 T	57 M	58 O	59 B	
60 L	61 S	62 A	63 W	64 G		65 C	66 P	67 F	68 H	69 Q	70 B	71 V	72 M		73 P	74 O	75 H
76 T		77 W	78 S	79 I	80 H	81 E		82 J	83 I	84 V		85 S	86 J	87 O	88 D	89 I	90 L
91 Q	92 C	93 X		94 U	95 B	96 T	97 H		98 D	99 N	100 C	101 P	102 V		103 R	104 Q	105 U
106 A	107 I	108 M	109 D		110 H	111 P	112 T		113 O	114 F	115 Q	116 E	117 J	118 L	119 S	120 G	121 C
122 D	123 M		124 A	125 P	126 I	127 B	128 T	129 Q	130 X		131 N	132 D		133 G	134 V		135 E
136 K	137 J	138 N	139 A	140 I	141 L	142 D	143 T	144 R		145 I	146 E	147 D	148 B	149 M	150 H	151 U	
152 G	153 P	154 J	155 X	156 F	157 A	158 M		159 C	160 O	161 K	162 X	163 J		164 A	165 T	166 J	167 G
168 O	169 M	170 Q	171 P		172 U	173 E	174 X	175 T	176 S	177 F	178 I	179 A		180 U	181 D		182 F
183 X	184 C		185 M	186 A	187 G	188 K	189 P	190 N	191 W	192 E	193 F		194 X	195 G	196 D	197 C	

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate what word a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

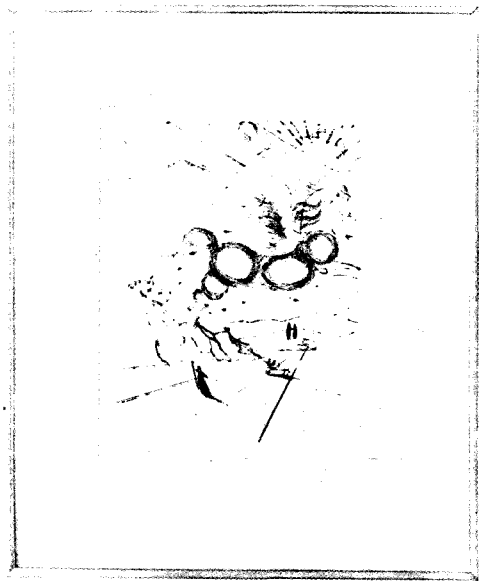
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to word until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Simpletons, dolts	3 18 49 62 179 186 12 106 124 139 157 164
B. Nonsensical parody	41 148 33 70 95 127 4 26 59
C. Moistened	65 92 100 121 159 184 197
D. Under way, e.g., as in the Derby (3 wds.)	32 98 132 142 181 9 39 88 109 122 147 196 14
E. Small ridges or beads, as on the edge of a thumbscrew, for obtaining a firm grip	81 116 135 146 173 192
F. Depressed; indisposed, ill (3 wds.)	43 156 177 34 27 53 67 114 182 193
G. Finds fault with; censures harshly	197 195 5 22 38 50 120 133 152 187 64
H. "For ____ to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured," says Dogberry (2 wds., *Much Ado*)	75 97 150 16 55 68 80 110
I. Rogue, scamp	126 140 54 107 145 79 89 178 6 48 83
J. Choke, suffocate, smother	86 117 137 163 29 154 166 82 19 40
K. "He looked again, and found it was / His sister's husband's ____" (Carroll, *Sylvie and Bruno*)	136 161 188 7 20
L. Kentucky Derby winner, 1955	37 60 90 118 141
M. Guarded, covered, shielded	149 169 108 123 158 185 23 57 72
N. Counting everyone or everything (2 wds.)	99 138 190 36 131 11 30
O. Most sumptuous	58 74 87 160 168 46 113
P. English humorist and artist (1812–88; *Laughable Lyrics*; full name)	153 171 73 111 189 42 66 101 125 13
Q. Delicious drink	129 170 69 91 115 104
R. Keen feeling or sense for what is appropriate	144 10 103 24
S. Quite small or brief, concise	52 176 35 85 21 44 119 61 78
T. Smite ——; attack unmercifully (3 wds.)	1 51 56 45 143 112 96 76 128 175 165
U. "___ her off and let her down the wind, / To prey at fortune," says Othello (2 wds.)	180 151 94 17 105 172 47 28 2
V. Had cause or occasion for	134 8 71 102 15 84
W. One-eyed boxer who won the light-heavyweight title from Tunney in 1922	63 31 191 77
X. Exchanged	130 194 174 155 162 183 25 93

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 32* appears on page 4.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

007. LEBADANG: *Horses in the Sun*
Six-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in gold-colored aluminum. 15" x 19"

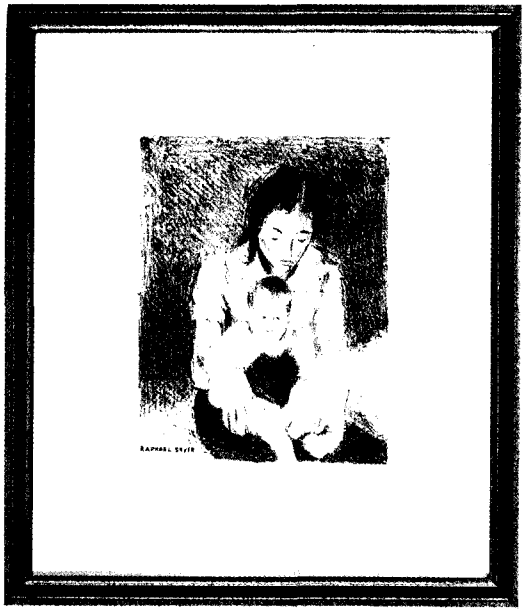


005.
SALVADOR DALI
Pegasus in Flight with an Angel
Engraving in blue, signed in the plate.
Framed in aluminum.
18" x 15¼"

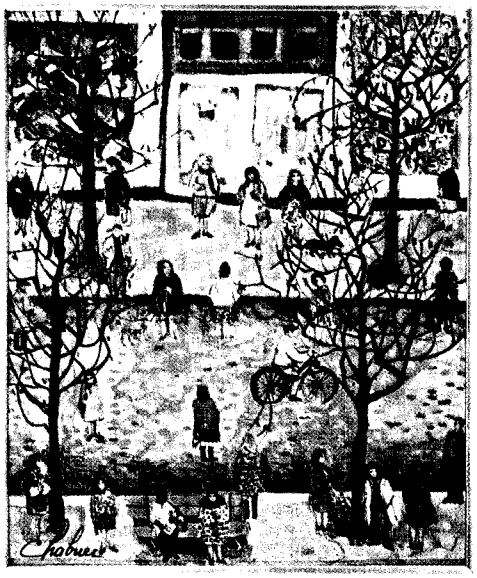
019.
ANTONIO GUANSÉ
Soleil
Six-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in gold-colored aluminum.
15¼" x 19¼"

006. EDWARD DeWITT
Cat • Polished cold-cast bronze, signed in the mold. Weight approximately three pounds.
Height, including base, 8¾"

"Thanks to art, instead of seei
we have before us as ma



017. RAPHAEL SOYER
Mother and Child
Lithograph in sepia, signed in the stone.
Framed in wood of antique gold finish. 19¼" x 16½"



016. NATHALIE CHABRIER: *Une Rue de Paris*
Seven-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in aluminum. 18" x 15¼"

A few of the more than 100 artists whose works will be available in signed, limited editions to FINE ARTS 260 subscribers: Robert Kipniss • Georges Lambert • S. Martin Friedman • Yves Ganne • Juvenal Sansò • Cayetano de Arquer • Jean Miotte • Alvar • Nathalie Chabrier • Joe Ardourel • Frédéric Menguy • Anton Refregier • Denis-Paul Noyer Jose Puig Marti • Ira Moskowitz • Lebadang • Alex Packham • Antonio Guansé • Seong Moy • David Bardos

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINE ARTS 260

A DIVISION OF

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.

offers readers of

SaturdayReview/World

an invitation to accept one of these fine original works of art

By SALVADOR DALI • RAPHAEL SOYER

LEBADANG • NATHALIE CHABRIER

ANTONIO GUANSÉ • EDWARD DeWITT

ingle world—our own—we see it multiply until rlds as there are original artists" —MARCEL PROUST

FINE ARTS 260, a subscription service for art collectors directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, commissions American and European artists to create, in very limited editions, a wide diversity of original prints—lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, engravings and silkscreens—as well as sculpture cast in lost-wax bronze and other materials. Through this plan, artists can be provided with a more assured market than is possible through the conventional—and costly—system of gallery exhibition sales; thus, prices can be substantially below those one would expect to pay for fine original art.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

To introduce this service, FINE ARTS 260 invites you to choose one of the original works illustrated and numbered at left. Each has been created in a special unlimited edition and signed by the artist in the plate, stone or mold. Exhibit the work in your home, then decide whether you would like to participate in this exciting collector's program. If you should choose to do so, the work you select will be yours to keep.

YOU MAKE YOUR CHOICE IN YOUR OWN HOME

The program allows you the convenience and pleasure of choosing works of art of interest to you in the environment in which they will ultimately be displayed and enjoyed —your own home. As a subscriber, you will be sent periodically a portfolio containing descriptions and color illustrations of framed original prints and sculpture—at least thirty works during the coming year in a wide variety of subjects and styles. You may select any of these—with the very significant privilege of examining your choice and, if you do not wish to keep it, *returning it within thirty days.*

TRULY ORIGINAL PRINTS

All graphic works—lithographs, etchings, etc. —meet the standards for original prints established by the Print Council of America. The artist himself creates the image on the stones, plates, blocks, etc., then personally directs the pulling of impressions from these plates, stones or blocks and approves the finished prints.

LIMITED EDITIONS, SIGNED BY THE ARTISTS AND NUMBERED

The prints offered throughout the subscription will be pencil-signed by the artists and numbered. Editions will be strictly limited to 260 impressions (plus no more than twenty-five artist's proofs *not for sale*). After these have been completed, the stones, plates or blocks will be defaced so that further impressions can never be made.

SCULPTURE

During the subscription, meticulously cast sculpture will also be offered in signed and numbered limited editions. The exigencies of the casting process dictate a slightly larger edition size—of from 300 to 500 castings.

ATTRACTIVE PRICES INCLUDE APPROPRIATE FRAMING

The unusually reasonable prices of these works—generally ranging between $45 and $60 (occasionally slightly higher for more complex works)—are more appealing yet in view of the fact that framing is included for all prints. Your selection will arrive ready to hang and enjoy without delay. Frames and mats are chosen in the custom design departments of leading New York houses: Kulicke, the award-winning studio that has designed frames for the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York; and A.P.F., framer to the National Gallery in Washington and for the White House collection of Presidential portraits.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES

As a free supplemental service—in addition to the regular service of the program—subscribers will occasionally be offered works of art deemed to be of unusual interest to collectors. Prices of these works will range somewhat higher, commensurate with the exceptional stature of the artists, but again will compare favorably with gallery prices.

COMPLIMENTARY BOOK

A copy of an interesting and helpful book—A GUIDE TO THE COLLECTING AND CARE OF ORIGINAL PRINTS—will be sent to you *as a gift when you subscribe. Although there* is always the possibility that the works of art acquired through FINE ARTS 260 will appreciate in value over the years, another, more enjoyable approach to collecting is suggested in this book: "Buy prints because you love them and not because you calculate they will earn money for you."

NO OBLIGATION EVER

A nominal subscription fee of $10 entitles you to all the benefits described above. As *a subscriber you will be under no obligation* to purchase any work. In addition, you will be covered by this important guarantee: Every work of art you receive (including your introductory selection) may be returned within thirty days of receipt for full credit or refund if for any reason it does not meet with your approval.

If the application card has been removed, please write to FINE ARTS 260, 280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time in contract year, per word $1.75. 13 times in contract year, per word $1.65. 26 times in contract year, per word $1.45. Box and numbers count for 2 words. 10-word minimum. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review/World Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, *Replies to SR/W box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minn. 56093.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $15.40 up; Purcell from $11.00. Student special. Corelli $7.15; recorder instruction kit, soprano recorder, method book, three 7" LP instruction records, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free catalogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 10018.

ACTIVELY BUYING and selling rare books and first editions. Catalogue for year $1.00. Minkoff, RFD 3, Box 147, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.

BUY SILVER sheet wire and casting grain at lowest prices. The more you buy, the lower the cost. Fast service via UPS. Send for free 28-page catalogue of jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, including price charts for silver. ARE CREATIONS, Box 155W, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 10021. (212) 628-1666.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $10.00. Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th., NYC 10016.

WOMAN OFFERS PIANO accompanying in exchange for living quarters. SR/W Box 652.

METSOVAARA . . . OSNABURG . . . Bleeding Madras . . . Irish Handwoven tweeds and blankets . . . capes . . . floor rugs . . . sweaters. Tea in the afternoon. Carol Brown, Box W, Putney, Vt. 05346.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

MAKE YOUR WILL! Forms, instruction manual . . . $1.00. Guaranteed! Sawyer1W, Post Office Box 8484 Emerville, Calif. 94662.

OUR SPECIAL MOUSTACHE-WAX preparation is magnificent. One application lasts two or three years. For a nominal cost, we also provide insurance against the high risk of breaking cups or other objects coming in contact with the adamantined moustache. SR/W Box M.P.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. SR/W Box 658.

OLYMPUS PEN FT: Camera connoisseur's SLR. f 1.4 lens; tele converter; 150mm telelens. Mint condition, guaranteed. 30% below lowest published price. Maizel, (212) 684-7472.

OUR GIANT REVERSIBLE PIN-UP of your favorite model has a life-size picture of Secretariat and Mrs. Tweedy on the other side. Now, when your maiden aunt drops in unexpectedly you can make your apartment instantly proper. SR/W Box W.O.

BIO-FEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, rewrites, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian, (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. SR/W Box 657.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. SR/W Box 644.

For the convenience of those who might wish to place a classified notice in the *new* SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022:

Advertiser_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Number of times you wish ad to run_____

Copy_____

Copy for insertions must be received 47 days prior to issue date. See rates above.

BOOKBINDING

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPTS, books, music, magazines, letter's, etc. Brochure $.25. CLASSIC BINDERY, Box 562 s, Mendham, N.J. 07945.

BOOKS

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, catalogue free. Bookseller, Box 540, Sherman, Conn. 06784.

SAVE 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

WE SPECIALIZE in books about architecture, transportation, and urban environments. For a price list write to Worlddesk, The Rigley Book Company, P.O. Box 26012, San Francisco, Calif. 94126.

25% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $1.00 for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021. Give French books as Christmas gifts. Mail order catalogue $.70.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and your satisfaction guaranteed! You name it—we find it. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC., Box 1-W, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-WM, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 9-B, 643 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

GOURMET INTERESTS

WILD RICE—FINEST QUALITY. Extra-select long grain with recipes and reasonably priced. Write BRTS, Box 200, Brule, Wis. 54820.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 973, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

WINE CELLAR—Traditionally designed units to interlock. Grow from seven-bottle rack $4.98 to 190-bottle $98.00. Free brochure and winemaker's catalogue. ADD-A-RACK, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL piano instruction by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. (212) 988-9898. N.Y.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE lutes — Master Crafted, Historically authentic. Plans available. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridge, Wis. 53523.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS. Excellent, dependable, beautiful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS —Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $195.00—$650.00. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" St., Box 80222W, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS AND VIRGINALS. Authentic classical designs for home construction by the amateur builder. Basic kits from $160.00, complete kits from $300.00. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Ave., NYC, 10013.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH HARPSICHORD in kit form. We offer an authentic reproduction of a French double manual harpsichord with four registers and buff stop, FF-g''' for workshop construction. Drawings, instructions, and all materials from Frank Hubbard, 185M Lyman St., Waltham, Mass. 02154.

RECORDS

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list $.25. Broadway/Hollywood Recording, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1200 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classical, romantic, and modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

COLLEGES

GET TRULY INVOLVED with Life! Prepare to bring the Light of Jesus Christ into the darkness enveloping contemporary society. Three Hierarchs Seminary, 1900 N. Orlando Avenue, Maitland, Fla. 32751. G. I. approved.

GODDARD M.A. PROGRAM for self-directed adults. Independent study designed to fit particular needs of each student. Brief seminars in six major cities or on Vermont campus. Wide range of faculty resources. Varied, interesting student body. Enrollment continuous throughout the year. Accredited. Write to: Graduate Program, Box W, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

SCHOOLS

VERSHIRE SCHOOL co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education. Blending Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

WOODSTOCK COUNTRY SCHOOL—a progressive, secondary, coeducational boarding school of about 100 students, pioneer of the WOODSTOCK PLAN of year-round, on-campus and off-campus terms. Founded in 1945 and located on a 300-acre Vermont farm, the school offers a full elective academic curriculum with special strengths in the humanities, arts, music, drama, the environmental and natural sciences, as well as opportunities for independent study. For further information write or call: Robert C. Williams, Woodstock Country School, South Woodstock, Vt. 05071, (802) 457-1670.

STUDIES ABROAD

WHY NOT TRY AUSTRIA? Sea Pines Abroad mixes American education with Alpine environment. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 & PG. Standard high school courses; high academic standards. Skiing and travel. Write: Admissions Director, Box 183, Marion, Mass. 02738.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theater, fine arts, religion, international business administration, international relations. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118 or 7121 Ingersheim, Germany. Phone: (405) 842-5979.

INSTITUTO ALLENDE, SAN MIGUEL, MEXICO. Latin America's oldest and largest school of arts, crafts, writing. 35th year. World famous. Accredited. Veteran Administration approval. Credits transferable, U.S. Office Education recognized. Valid advanced teacher education. Undergraduate, graduate, serious non-credit, welcome. B.A., B.F.A., M.A., M.F.A. programs also. Outstanding international faculty of 75; students from 25 countries. Weaving, ceramics, silver, all crafts; painting, sculpture, printmaking, etc.; fiction, poetry, nonfiction; 18 writing courses. Above taught in English.

INTENSIVE SPANISH—special four-week cycles. YEAR 'ROUND COURSES, all subjects, taught on beautiful 15-acre colonial campus in Mexico's most magnificent national monument town.

CATALOGUE, INFORMATION: Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Gto. Mexico.

LEARN SPANISH in Mexico. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and deschooled academy write: CIDOC, APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND. Schiller College—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

THEORY—ACTION—REFLECTION IN A POLYCULTURAL LIVING/LEARNING COMMUNITY. Dag Hammerskjold College—a new college in its second year offers a one-year program of international studies for advanced college students. Field study programs in the U.S. and abroad, including study of the United Nations, international urbanization problems, and contemporary Japanese society. For more information write: Admissions Office, Dag Hammerskjold College, Old North Rd., Columbia, Md., 21044. Telephone (310) 997-0700.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—Paid Transportation! 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms, $1.00. International Services, Box 29193-LX, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available! Free Transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-LX, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE—business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1381, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high pay, free travel. Comprehensive new booklet covers all occupations, sixty countries, with "Directory of 200 American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, international organizations, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper, medical and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 225W, Springfield, Va. 22150.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-WM, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

TEACHING POSITIONS IN FOREIGN countries. 1973 guide contains current information about private and governmental organizations seeking teachers. General and personal requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. 100-page book includes survey of foreign embassies. Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-W1, Ames, Iowa 50010.

SITUATIONS WANTED

PROFESSOR—legal research, writing. Available in London in October. SR/W Box 660.

VACATIONS

VACATION IN VERMONT—the beckoning country. Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, auctions, antiques. Relaxed living, exceptional food and beverages, gracious service. Immaculate, well-maintained inn. Swimming pool. Memorable, reasonable. Telephone (802) 247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, Box 250, Brandon, Vt. 05733.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $165.00—no extras. Brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F., Rockport, Me. 04556.

VERMONT BICYCLE TOURING—Fall foliage tours, country inns. Weekends, $47.00. J. Freidin, RD 2, Bristol, Vt. 05443. (802) 388-4263.

GOLF VACATION PLANS—have a better golf vacation. Write: "The Traveling Golfer." George K. Leavey, 79 Moseley Ave., Newburyport, Mass. 01950.

CARIBBEAN'S CHOICEST ISLAND—St. Maarten—TAMARINDE Guesthouse—Reasonable rates —Brochure—15 Mine St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR Sarasota/Bradenton: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

ANTIGUA, W. I. Falmouth Harbour Studio Apartments. Maid and shopping service. Private beach. Swimming, fishing, sailing. Boats and equipment gratis. Write for color brochure. Hancarib, Ltd., 770 Welch Rd., Palo Alto, Calif. 94304. Phone (415) 325-5627.

FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT RENTALS. Sheltered, well-marked waterways. Experience unnecessary. Fully equipped boats sleep six friendly people. For two: $130 weekend, $250 weekly. Write for persuasive brochure. Waterbird (W-2), Box 617 Jensen Beach, Fla. 33457. Or call for reservation: (305) 465-2826.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

GOLF PACKAGE SPECIAL. 18-hole challenging course. All meals, new motel room. Oct. 14th to Oct. 31st. Double occupancy $24.95 per person. Shelburne Inn, Shelburne, Vt. 05482.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

BOGTROT, BIRD, BOTANIZE, roam, read, relax by the sea. Craignair, the Bucks, Sprucehead, Me. 04859.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES, hotel service, private idyllic beach. SUPERB snorkeling. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome meals. Peaceful surroundings. Health classes. Pool, boats, solariums. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923 WM.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

TENNIS. Clay courts, Hawthorne Bissell, professional. Coaching with video tapes. "Zen" method of teaching. Cape Cod. Phone (617) 487-9512.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE. $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLTips, 40-21 Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

AMAZON G.I.T. TOUR including Leticia in the heart of the Amazon jungle. 10 days all inclusive. Miami/Miami $389.00. New York/New York $489.00. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR/W, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

HAWAII—Get intelligent sightseeing guide. Write Professor Bob Stellmacher, 2416 Ferdinand, Honolulu 96822 or phone (808) 949-4239.

APARTMENTS IN NASSAU. 1-2-3 rooms, fully equipped, maids, air-conditioned, beach, pool, atmosphere. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box N263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215.00 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box SRW, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone (201) 566-6416.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIALS, Mexico. rail—November, December, January. Famous sites—Yucatan, others. Anthropological experts. Cost from El Paso, lower, $585.00. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

TRAVEL

SEE WORLD-FAMOUS VERMONT marble exhibit. Proctor, Vt., Rte. 3, near Rutland. May 25-October 21. 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Marble table tops, gifts at factory prices. See a carver at work. Unique Presidential display; beautiful exhibits of world-wide marble varieties. Home yard uses of marble. Celebrated carvings. Color motion pictures. Adults $.50. Write: FOLDER.

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

LYSISTRATA Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht, swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretive lectures. Two week cruises $390.00 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1974 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary, Alberta T2M 4L8.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

TO SHARE

SOUTHERN IRELAND SEACOAST: Woman writer seeks serious artist/writer share charming farmhouse starting October/November-July. Benign climate. Beautiful setting. Unbelievably low rent. Photos. SR/W Box 659.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons $400.00 weekly to December 15th; $650.00 to April 15th. SR/W Box 649.

VILLA RENTALS in Europe, Carribbean and Mexico. Personally inspected staffed residences for your holiday. For particulars: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th St., NYC, 10022. (212) HA 1-9165.

MAINE - CASCO BAY AREA. 1907 barn on Rte. 88 in lush, wooded acreage renovated and modernized. Ideal for couple seeking unique New England accommodations. Also rustic cabin in woods available to the renters for retreat or guests. Available Dec. 1st. Elizabeth Morrill, 106 Foreside Rd., Cumberland Foreside, Me. 04110. (207) 781-2631.

FOR RENT

SOUTHWEST IRELAND: Rent a charming five bedroom house for mild Irish winter, beautifully furnished, well heated and well equipped, overlooking bay of Glandore. Address inquiries: Mrs. Good, Shorecliffe, Glandore, Co. Cork, Ireland.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM Real Estate for Recreation and Investment. Free brochure. PETER D. WATSON AGENCY, INC., Greensboro, Vt. 05841. (802) 533-2651.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vt. 05068.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $115.00 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Me. 04938. Tel. Office (207) 778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-M7, Washington, D.C. 20009.

BERKSHIRE 50 ACRES. Borders State Forest, on dirt road. Cabin, small marsh, solitude. $42,500.00. SR/W Box 661.

VERMONT SCHOOLROOM, north of Rutland, now six-room house. $29,000.00. Tel. (201) 891-0390.

CONFERENCE CENTERS

CHARTER FABULOUS CAMP for conferences, group recreation, meetings. Sleeping facilities for 10-200. Great atmosphere, great food, all sports. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 32, N.J. Phone (609) 358-2472.

RETIREMENT

LIVE IN VERMONT NOW—Clean fresh air. Safe streets day and night. Life as it used to be. Room and board from $475 per month. Write for complete details. Innkeeper, 20 Park St., Brandon, Vt. 05733.

Saturday Review/World—Change of Address Form

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise SR/World 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail this form to:

Saturday Review/World, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206

WIT TWISTER NO. 5

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

FIVE

She heard him __ __ __ __ __, his dear
voice soft and sweet.
She __ __ __ __ __, but went on stitching at her dress.
At last, both heart and __ __ __ __ __
skipped a beat,
And turning from her work, she whispered, "Yes." A. S.

Answer, see page 37.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

JUDY JOYE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Underseas Consultant.
Director of the Oceanographic News Service.

HOBBIES: Designing jewelry from marine artifacts.

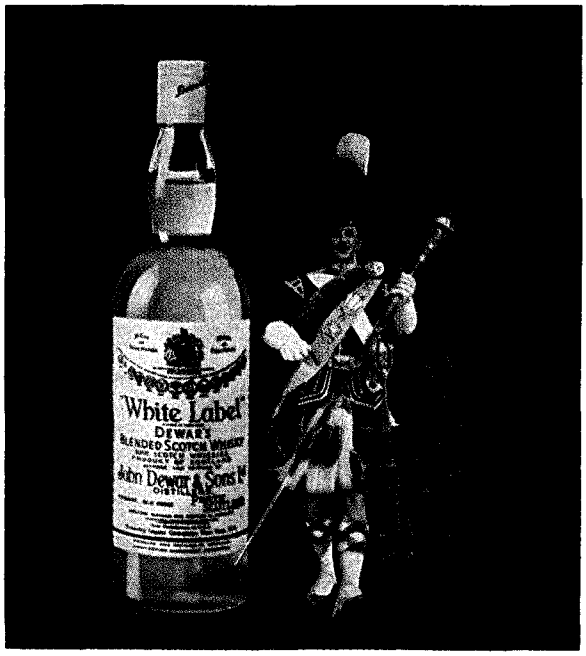
LAST BOOK READ: "Cybernetic Problems in Bionics."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organized a major underseas expedition to collect marine life for a pharmaceutical firm seeking new drugs from the sea.

QUOTE: "The world's oceans can provide us with new sources of drugs, food, vast supplies of oil, gas, minerals, and metals, but unless these resources are efficiently exploited by all nations of the world, society as we know it today cannot hope to endure."

PROFILE: A strong will. An inquisitive intellect. A sensitivity to problems that is often concealed by a logical approach to finding solutions.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's

Menthol or Regular

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED